

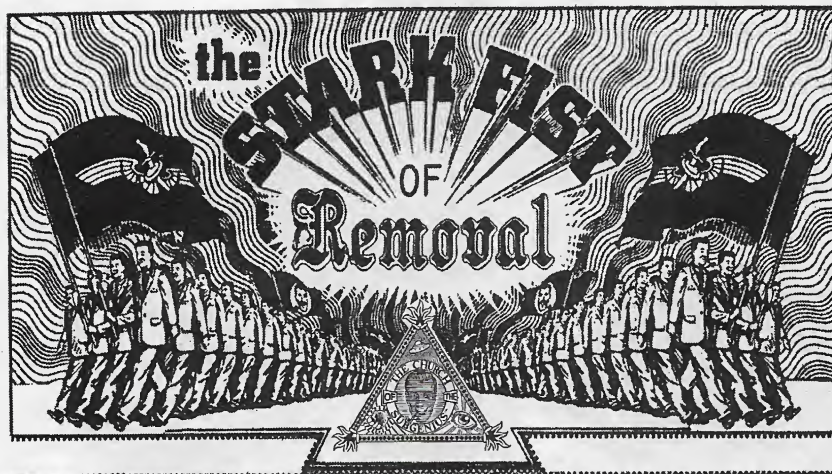
STARK FISH OF *Removal*

The Official Newsletter of the Church of the SubGenius



XX-Day: The End is Near
DildoES!

Mutants, Mutants, Mutants
The Final Word on Clinton



NO. 49, VOL. 17



THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE CHURCH OF THE SUBGENIUS **PRICE: \$3.00**



BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

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FROM THE DESK OF REV. STANG

THE WORLD ENDS ANY YEAR NOW AND YOU MAY DIE!!

Nah, just kidding. Actually, we all know that the surface of the Earth will be scoured of Pinkness, and we the Saved will be Ruptured up to the Escape Vessels of the SexX Goddesses at precisely 7:00 am, July 5, 1999, as prophesied by Nostradamus, and almost certainly MEANT by J.R. "Bob" Dobbs.

Only the most pathetic, faithless, weakest-willed SubGenius wanna-bes would let something like last year's so-called "disappointment" shake their trust in Dobbs. 7-5-98 was actually the BEST POSSIBLE "DRILL," the only way to make us TRULY prepared! ADMIT IT -- half of y'all were SOUND ASLEEP last X-Day at 7 a.m.!

The PinKooks are all running around like ninnies, fretting about the year 2000 and "Y2K," when all their precious False Slack devices will shut down, crash out, and fail to reboot. THEY SHOULD BE SO LUCKY! Their world isn't even going to last THAT long. That's why we say:

NO Y2K...

XYZ!!

X-YEAR-ZERO!

eXamine Your Zipper! The world ends:

7-5-99:

**NeXX-DAY!
"DOS EQUIS"!**

The PINKS did not take us seriously last time. Hell, half of YOU didn't take Dobbs prophecy seriously! THIS TIME WE'VE LEARNED OUR LESSON! We can't rely on invisible monsters from outer space. Dobbs hath said: Just in Case, You Must "BUILD YOUR OWN SHIP!" (And while you're at it, help get shipshape the one we're all already on.)

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE NOT TO FUCK UP! Dobbs' inexplicable salesmanship has somehow bought YOU a last crack at all the famous NUDITY, VIOLENCE, INSANE RANTING and KICK-ASS MUSIC of:

XX-DAY

at eXXcellent eXXciting
clothing opXXional
BRUSHWOOD FOLKLORE CENTER,
SHERMAN, NY

July 1-5, 1999

This time there'll be TWICE as many hilariously fucked up weirdos and stark naked beautiful Connietites! THRICE the Miracles, Signs and Portents! FOUR TIMES as many colorful bodily fluids as last year's BLOOD WRESTLING!

There'll be bright yellow PeE wrestling! Blinding white CUM wrestling! Krishna blue CONTACT IMPROV GROPING! Earthy brown SHIT FISTICUFFS! The final winners in each Fluid Match will all grapple together upon a HUGE AMERICAN FLAG in a beautiful RAINBOW-LOVE display of BLOOD-CUM-SPERM-PEE SEXHURT! JESUS vs. PEE-BUDDHA! The DALAI LAMA and ASS-POPE vs. SPERM-MUHAMMAD and FRIDAY JONES!! The HEROIC WINNER gets to BURN THE FLAG atop the great bonfire of pornography, bibles, condoms and unconsecrated hosts!

(Bring your PORNO and WEIRDEST OLD USELESS CRAP to RAFFLE OFF in the BULLDADA AUCTION!)

OTHER NEW EVENTS

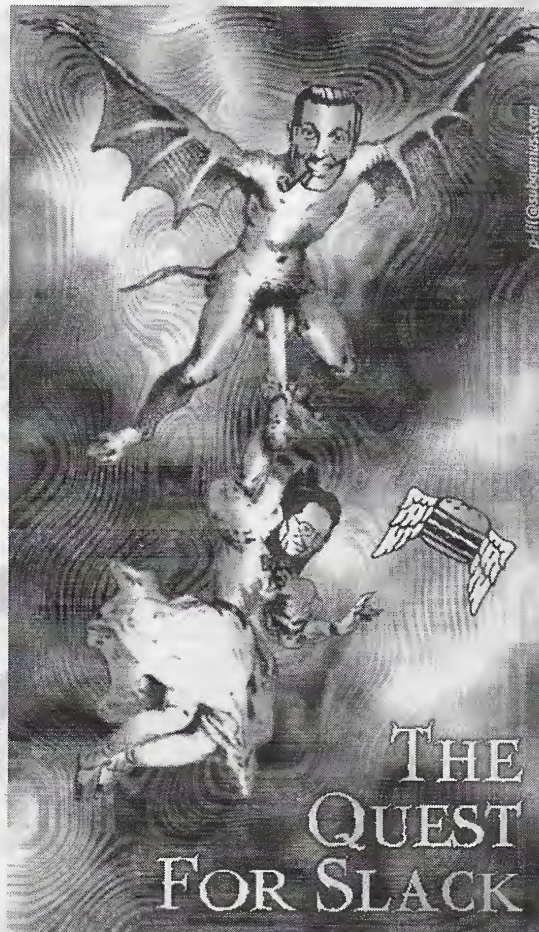
BOBBING FOR LATE TERM FETUSES, TEST LAUNCHINGS of HOME MADE ROCKETSHIPS, FLYING SAUCERS, SPACE SHUTTLES and PERPETUAL MOTION DEVICES!

Chas Smith of ESO has already gathered 16 GIANT ROCKETS that will all be simultaneously Launched, carrying with them into low Earth orbit a lawnchair holding Lonesome Cowboy Dave, a six pack and a parachute.

**BRING ENGINES, PLYWOOD, SCRAP METAL, ROCKETS!
BUILD YOUR OWN SHIP!**

Even better, on the way to Brushwood, stop at Hangar 18, Area 51, Cape Canaveral, Houston Control, or Studio 54 and STEAL YOUR OWN SHIP!

Pack some 'Frop up your exit wound and
EXCRETE YOUR OWN FUEL!

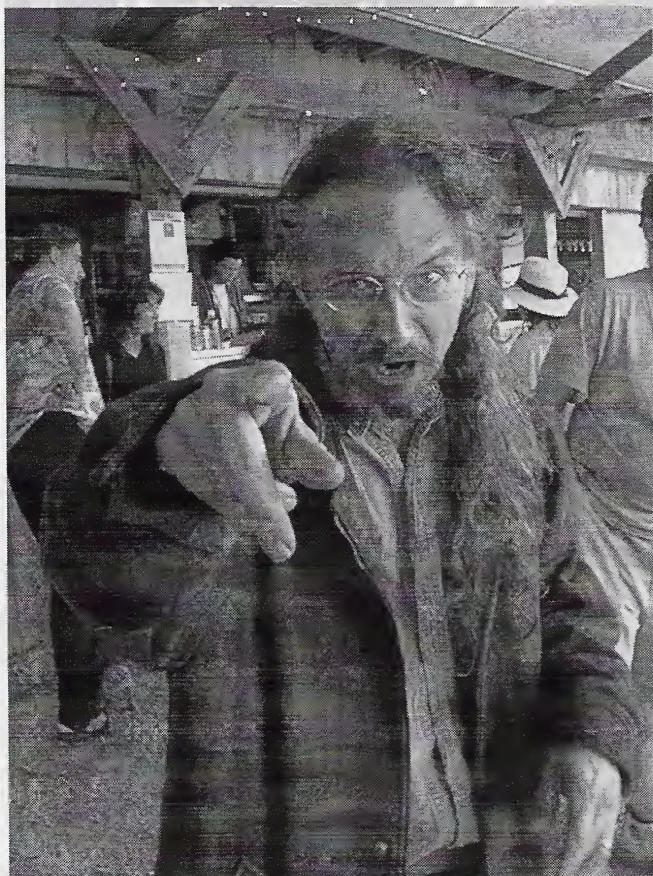


WE MUST LEARN HOW TO ESCAPE EARTH
WITHOUT BEING DEPENDENT ON EITHER
THE CONSPIRACY OR ANY EXTRATERRESTRIALS!

EARTH: WE MUST GET OFF!!

SOME PRACTICAL MATTERS

Yes, we have noticed that July 5 this year happens to fall on a Monday. And perhaps some of you are thinking, "Well, I'll celebrate the coming cataclysmic Judgement with my fellow SubGenii.... up until SUNDAY NIGHT. But I'd better be back at home and ready to go back to work by MONDAY MORNING at 8 A.M., JUST IN CASE THE XISTS FAIL TO ARRIVE AT 7 A.M. (like last time)."



**BACKSLIDER!! YOUR FAITHLESSNESS IS LIKE A KNIFE
PLUNGED INTO DOBBS' CHEST AND TWISTED
CRUELLY!**

Let's face it. Whether you have a Membership Card on you or not, everyone knows that A SUBGENIUS CANNOT BE RUPTURED WHILE CLOCKED IN, WORKING FOR THE CONSPIRACY. Are you going to let your STINKING EARTH JOB come before ETERNAL SALVATION? WHY SHOULD YOU? (Do you really think there will be a job to go back to anyway??) *You are a SubGenius.* Therefore, July 5 is your MAIN RELIGIOUS HOLIDAY.

Therefore you GET OFF WORK... AND GET PAID!
You should INSIST upon this. In fact, if you don't, you're PINK! And we the TRULY SAVED will gather at the exit of Brushwood MOCKING you as you drive away Sunday evening July 4, to scamper home to your job!

AND YOU THOUGHT PEER PRESSURE ENDED WITH HIGH SCHOOL!

If you have ANY lingering doubts about making this admittedly costly journey, then FOR THE LOVE OF "BOB," do yourself a favor and send for the newly finished

X-DAY 1998 DOCUMENTARY VIDEO!!

Only \$20 for TWO HOURS of this infamous NUDITY-FILLED, BLOOD-SOAKED GUT BLOW-OUT event, shot by the 5 top SubGenius videographers and slam-edited by myself, Rev. Ivan Stang, into a compressed SUPER-"PILL", audiovisual ingestion of which will make you feel just as STUNNED with ECSTASY as if you had ACTUALLY BEEN THERE.

IF YOU EVER WONDERED just HOW weird 400 of Dobbs' most devoted followers MIGHT BE, HERE IS YOUR VIVID AND UNRELENTING ANSWER!

Includes quickie HIGHLIGHTS of the 1996 and '97 X-Day Drills, PLUS secret backstage footage and an eyelid-flensing COMPUTER ANIMATED OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE! THE BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON! THE NAKED BOBTISM! DISGUSTING SUBGENIUS MUSIC AND RANTING! THE BLEEDING HEAD OF ARNOLD PALMER DYNAMITED INTO OBLIVION! THE LYNCHING AND HUMILIATION OF REV. IVAN STANG at 7:30 A.M., July 5, 1998!

Like a National Geographic Special about Hell.

No kidding folks, I consider this documentary -- the "Woodstock" of the SubGeniuses -- to be the first real companion volume for ARISE, The SubGenius Video. If ARISE represents the Ideal, then THIS is the REALITY. And, by Gobbs, it's SURPRISINGLY Slackful, as realities go!

120 minute X-Day Video is only \$20 + S&H.
Call 1-888-669-2323





Amsterdam Devival and Goodwill

Tour!!! by Rev. Mary Masdalen

As many of you know, the Lord and I were married on July 5th, 1998 and traveled to Amsterdam for our honeymoon. Through the Lord's shrewd business sense and a chain of events possible only with "Bob," we were able to spread the Word of Dobbs in Amsterdam while we were there.

The Goodwill Tour

Our tour began with visits to several local "coffeeshops," where we sampled the native delicacies. The Lord made conversation with the local coffeeshop staff, who were very impressed by the hint of American fame. They snapped up the free buttons, brochures and magazines we gave them. We left stacks of Stark Fists for customers to pick up.

There are only a few internet-cafes in Amsterdam, but through the use of one of them we were able to locate the local SubGenius, now-Apostle David Lee Black.



The Devival

Rev. Black has several contacts within the alternative communities in Amsterdam and was able to set up a devival date and place for us. Just as we were about to close the deal with the

people who owned the place (a "squatter" building run by hippies), one of the hippies squatting there came forward and said he was offended by "Bob" and the Mighty Church. He claimed that our religion promotes violence and hatred, and our show would bring bad vibes to the whole commune. [He did have some evidence to back this up, as Rev. Black had pile-driven another American into the floor a week earlier. Rev. Black and his victim had formerly been good friends, fresh Heineken had been involved, and the two of them had reconciled a week before our arrival.] Unable to lie even to keep a show date, we said honestly that "Bob" does not condemn such behavior, instead offering an excuse for all. This did not go over well with the hippies, who were Rainbow-gathering types, and we decided just to cancel the whole thing and get out of that place. [It smelled like hippies anyway.]

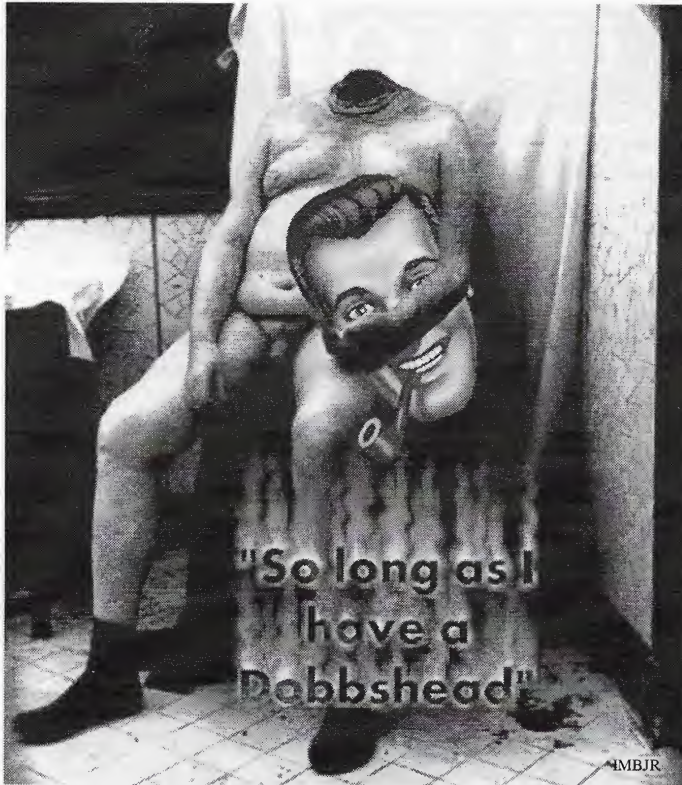
Taking matters into our own hands, and deciding to scale down the event, we chose the local coffeeshop "Die Rokerij"



Fred C. Dobbs

(translated as "The Smokery") for our "Amsterdam Arise" mini-devival and clench meeting. The owner agreed to host the event, as long as everyone involved bought something, although he seemed confused about exactly what we were saying, and he became even more confused when we showered him with pamphlets and old Stark Fists. The Lord quickly found the address of the only Kinko's copy center in Amsterdam, and Apostle Black led us there. Within hours we had printed hundreds of bright orange fliers advertising the event. We began distributing them at every coffeeshop we could find, stopping at each one, of course, to sample their fine Dutch coffee and to befriend the natives.

"Amsterdam Arise" was a great success, attended by local businessmen and friends of Apostle Black, as well as people who talk to pigeons on top of the National Monument. Apostle Black and the Lord ranted, then a thoughtful exchange was enjoyed by all. Everyone contributed delicious exotic refreshments and the Europeans introduced us to their oversized, cone-shaped, hand-rolled cigarettes. The foundation of a successful clench was set up, and Apostle Black was officially introduced as the Pope of All Europe. The Amsterdam Clench now has a website at <http://www.geocities.com/~popeblack/> and a live radio show hosted by Apostle Black, which can be heard over *RealAudio*.



BL00B00B

a Connie Sex Confession
by Nenslo

I've never told anybody this story before, not in this form anyway, but I thought the readers of your fine publication would enjoy reading about it. I buy the Church of the SubGenius whenever I can.

A couple of years ago in a way I cannot now relate, nor hardly remember, I ended up playing cards with "Bob," and not only that, I was winning. This was in Texas somewhere in the summer and they kept the place about sixty degrees with the air conditioning and they kept the curtains pulled so the whole place was an ice cave with it a hundred fifty degrees out and here's "Bob" in the cold dark wearing a luau shirt and sunglasses losing cards to me to whom he had to teach the damn game two hours earlier. I was cleaning him out and I don't know why. I got his watch and sunglasses but had to refuse further offers of apparel. He kept begging me for a chance to "win something back," and I knew he never would, so when he finally offered me a night in the sack with his wife Connie, I couldn't turn him down. She didn't turn an eyelash when he told her she was going to have to ball Nenslo. She just said "Come on then," and led me upstairs.

There's no point in adding another description of a stark naked Connie Dobbs to the files of your fine publication since she has no secrets from hardly any of us except for you, Rev. Stang, and Snavely, and about that "buttraping baboons" idea. Quick as a wink she was in the buff and Mr. Johnson was up and about with all flags flying. I figured I'd better take full advantage of the situation, so there I stood in all my glory and said, "Before I fuck you you're going to have to blow me." She didn't say a word, just sat on the side of the bed and took hold of

me by the tail, parting her full red lips and showing just a little flash of sharp white tooth before going "Whhhh..." just blowing a little air onto me. So I waited. She sat there with my dick in her hand and such an innocent expression on her face that she looked like a fucking Madonna. I say okay, that was cute, now blow me, and she does it again. Just blows this little breath of air onto my pecker which rather than being stimulating, is actually making the darn thing shrink a little.

I didn't know what the hell was going on. I went to the door and just hollered for "Bob." He comes running up the stairs neat as a pin and asks me, "what's wrong"? Now I'm standing there butt nude with my flagpole up and his naked wife sitting on the bed waiting for me to fuck her and he would like to help me somehow. That is the mark of a perfect gentleman. That's as blunt as I can put it. I said to him, "Watch this," then went over to Connie, stuck my dick in her face and said "Okay, blow me." And she did that thing again, just blew air on me. "Oh for crying out loud!" exclaimed "Bob," striking himself on the side of the head. Then, pushing Connie aside he said, "Now I am only going to show you this one more time and I hope you will pay attention," and she said, "Yes dear," and I suddenly got the feeling I'd been cheated.

MY FIRST UP YOUR ASS

By: Rev. Nickie Michaud
Inquisitor General

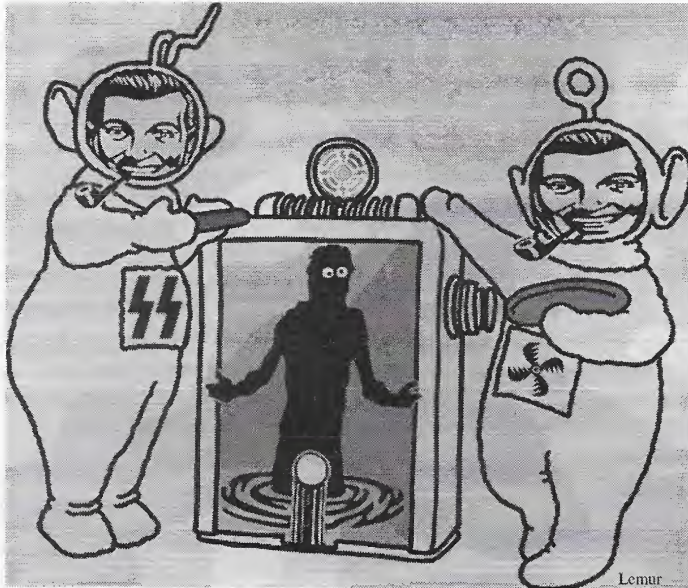


I know that a great deal of you are intensely curious about the inner day-to-day workings of the SubGenius Foundation's Headquarters here in lovely Dallas, Texas. It is difficult for many of you to conceive that we have an office, let alone a toll-free phone number. In fact, I personally have answered telephone calls in response to our advertisements in the Weekly World News from people who are literally speechless when the phone is answered, "Hello, SubGenius Foundation!" But, it is all true. In this edition of my regular column, I will tell you, the lowly reader, of our latest comings and goings and what we have in store for the near future.

Perhaps the greatest change that has taken place here at headquarters as of late is that our offices have moved. Renovations are nearly complete on our new custom-designed office compound where Jesus and I spent most of our working days, along with Rev. Magdalen who drops in to help supervise the innumerable worker drones too unimportant to mention. As Jesus revealed in his last missive to the SubG Mailing List:

"Together we moved and rebuilt (yes with our bare hands) the entire Foundation in 3 days. Which is as I predicted. Rev Nickie, who up to this point never soiled her hands with such trivial pursuits as manual labor, not only single handedly cleared 10 Acres of pristine wooded countryside with the Land Raper, but poured the concrete AND laid the beams for the first floor. Some say she did it just to watch the Bobbies pitifully attempt to climb out of the drying cement, just to bulldozed back in -- but we all know she did it because she loves "Bob"."

Dallas actually has become insufficient for our needs,

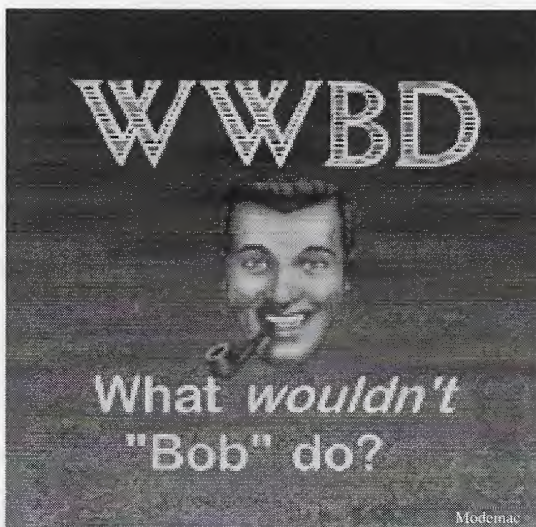


being too traffic-ridden and sprawling to allow us to commute easily; our offices are now located in a more secluded suburban location. Why, from the outside, it wouldn't seem possible that a huge multinational corporation such as the SubGenius Foundation Inc. could operate out of such a quiet location, but we do! This camouflage is necessary, else too many curiosity seekers would impede our work.

But the Slack we get from our daily tasks is not all we enjoy - lately, our calendar of events has been overflowing. In December, we co-sponsored a mini-tour of Texas by renowned conspiracy and Sci-Fi author Robert Anton Wilson. Our New Year's Party in Austin was broadcast live on Cleveland radio on the ESO show on WCSB. Indeed, we partied like it was 1999. Of course, this will be the last year. People are misdirected in worrying about this whole "Y2K" bug thing - the July 5th, 1999 bug will be big enough!

Which brings me to our future events. The longest off from this point is of course the XX-Day Celebration that will take place in Sherman, New York this coming July 5th weekend. Great things are in store - be sure you are worthy before pre-registering for this event! Besides all the usual 'Frop-ridden mayhem that takes place, guests of extraordinary magnitude will be announced shortly. Watch for devivals soon to be arranged for Boston, Cleveland, New York, and possibly Portland and Seattle. We will be represented at the Dallas anime convention Project A-

Kon in June and look for us at the SXSW Interactive conference in Austin this March. Also, by the time you enjoy this column, we will have helped to arrange a



SouthWest tour of the new award winning documentary on advertising "The Ad and the Ego," brought to you by Mark Hosler of Negativland, which composed the music for this stunning piece of cinematography.

So, as you can see, a great deal of Important Things are going on. But in order to keep all these Things going for you, the adoring membership, to enjoy, we NEED YOUR MONEY! So, we have devised new ways of separating you from it. Our fabulous website at www.subgenius.com can now accept your credit cards on-line! Yes! Max out those evil pieces of plastic in slackful style by buying our old and NEW products! A large number of new t-shirts are now available and can be seen in full color on the website. Also, many of our most popular audio tapes are now available in handy discounted compilations. Annoy your neighbors and complete your collection.

Now I know you're all dying to know just what exactly the fuck is up with me. Well, there is one major development that you need to know about - the Golden Shrine to Rev. Nickie's Ass website that has been constructed by the Lymph Node Institute in Atlanta, GA. This site, officially sanctioned by me and my ass, is the effort of a contingent of the SubGenius radio show on WREK. Just go to www.lymphnodeinstitute.com, and follow the links to "Bob's" Slacktime Funhouse, the radio show. I am very proud that these boys were smart enough to recognize the value of my Divine Ass. Special thanks to Doc Frop and Sister Decadence for getting the ball rolling by making all those flash bulbs go off behind me! And you, the worshipful reader, should be thankful to them for bringing you as close to my ass as the vast majority of you are ever going to get.

Well, that's about it for this issue. Oh - I just want to say to those of you who are envious of my position in the Church, of my ability to write a column every issue, that you're only going to get out of this Church what you put in. You move here and deal with the slack vortex that always follows those closest to "Bob." I wouldn't trade it for much, and at least I don't have to work for the Conspiracy. But goddamn! Shut the fuck up!

Until next time,
Your god,

WWW.SUBGENIUS.COM
-Rev. Nickie DeathChick, Inquisitor General



Work Slack

ONCE YOU SAMPLE THIS COMFORT
You'll Want it all your life

CLINTON GUILTY!

...of not sending in his \$30: The Story of "Bob" vs "Bubba"

NOTE from Stang: Because this is the one-world religion meant to prevent a one-world government, we at the Foundation have a policy of adhering strictly to PatrioPsychotic AnarchoMaterialism when it comes to politics. We don't tell you what to think; we only tell you TO think. But this "Spermgate" thing was such a good Conspiracy trick that it almost divided the very Church. I even got opinionated over it, and it almost started a civil war on alt.binaries.slack. Our editor Jesus (who is truly apolitical) insists that we publish my pissed-off spewings, which were originally just a bunch of separate posts interspersed with arguments from SubGenii who hate the Clintonians more than I hate the Starroids. It's the realization that we all finally came to at the END that's important.

☛ *First up is the one that almost drove some of the most prolific SubG graphic artists to quit the Church.*

THE PRESIDENT

Here's my take on it. Keep in mind, I TRIED to dodge the draft in 1972. (Ended up not having to because I had flat feet.) I inhaled. A FUCK of a LOT. And I promise I will inhale again.

Also keep in mind that I have been married for 25 years, I have NEVER been on the dole, I am a small business owner who employs workers, has also unfortunately had to work in plenty of "regular" jobs, I am a voting, tax paying citizen whose 2.5 college age kids aren't fucked up, and who has an active social life. I have no police record. I may be a DUMB ASS with AWFUL TASTE, but that would only make me MORE AVERAGE.

But if I was Clinton, OR ME, and that fine lookin', wide-mouthed little heifer was constantly coming on to me, I DOUBLE DOG GUARANTEE YOU that I would not only sooner or later accept a nice blow job from the consenting adult babe, but I would, MOREOVER, SPREAD-EAGLE HER FINE ASS ATOP THE OVAL OFFICE DESK and GIVE HER A GOOD BRUSH-FUCKIN' just like CLEANING A SHOTGUN BARREL with that WIRE BRUSH! "JOB RELATIONSHIP" BE DAMNED!

And then, when the fucking GOVERNMENT (!) started quizzing me about my PERSONAL SEX LIFE, like a bunch of god damn RED CHINESE COMMUNIST BUSYBODY OLD LADIES, I likewise PROMISE that I would LIE MY ASS OFF about it, JUST ON PRINCIPLE!!

In fact, I DID! I DID fuck Clinton, AND Hillary, AND Monica, AND I LIED

ABOUT IT!! Maybe some of you morally superior people never heard of SWINGERS. Or PEOPLE WITH GENITALS IN GENERAL for that matter.

But then, I'm a HIPPIE-TYPE, and I kind of hate to see religious nuts make laws governing my DICK based on ANCIENT TRIBAL FAIRY TALES. I also sorta thought there was some kind of PRO-PRIVACY thing about our form of government at one point.

THE BOTTOM LINE: Just because angels only eat vegetables, and demons only eat angels, that doesn't make angels "good" and demons "bad." It's JUST NATURE! When a fat old white man fucks a groupie, and then lies his ass off, it's JUST NATURE!

And it DOES happen, THOUSANDS OF TIMES A DAY in this country alone, between Republican consenting adults, Democrat Pinko Socialist Commie consenting adults, and damn near everybody else besides ROSS PEROT and possibly YOU THE READER! It happens between BOSSES and WORKERS of both sexes, and the SAME sexes! And MOST of them are having a REAL GOOD TIME AT IT, with NO REPERCUSSIONS!

If you aren't GETTING ENOUGH, TOO BAD!!! But that doesn't give you the right to "KENNETH STARR" me, or anybody else! If you want to NAIL CLINTON, then nail him for a CRIME!

But I guess lying to Big Brother about your private life is crime enough, huh?

"LET'S GET BIG BROTHER OUT OF THE BOARDROOM, AND PUT HIM BACK IN THE BEDROOM WHERE HE BELONGS!" MY BUTT!!!!

We PatrioPsychotic AnarchoMaterialist (Ivangelical Free-Frop-and-Sex Branch) BELIEVE in DIVERSITY. WHOEVER KILLS THE OTHER GUY FIRST, WINS.

Every yard a kingdom. Just as diversity is essential to a biosphere, or porno mag, there MUST always be liberals and conservative retards to balance each other out. I live in Dallas, Texas, the Buckle on the Bible Belt. My old bud Dr. Philo Drummond is a Rush Limbaugh fan. Papa Joe Mama makes Rush look like Jane Fonda. I, on the other hand, would burn a thousand flags to preserve my right to kill, torture, and buttrape a man who burns a flag.

BUT SO WHAT? ALL THE PINKNESS WILL BE SCOURED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH BY THE XIST REVENGE SAUCERS, IN 152 DAYS, ON JULY 5 THIS YEAR! So it's all a moot point.

As long as the great pendulum of History keeps on swinging, and isn't stuck on ONE SIDE, then that's a GOOD SIGN. The scurrying Earthfools seem to require these distractions, as they scamper about their silly little mammalian puppet-acts. Trapped, penned in, as they are, in their tiny cage of only three dimensions, plus TIME... WHAT DO THEY KNOW of TRUE freedom, the freedom to RIDE THE AKASHIC HURRICANES to the ULTIMATE KNOWLEDGE, hence, finally, and justifiably, to RULE THE WORLD!!! YES!!! TO RULE THE VERY WORLD! TO MAKE THE ILLUMINATI CRAWL AT MY FEET!!! TO... oh, excuse me.

☛ *Needless to say, this shocked and disgusted many SubGenii, who interpreted an attack on the Republicans as a passionate defense of Socialism. Some posted factual material proving that the Democrats are part of the Socialist Conspiracy. I interpreted that as a passionate defense of right wing Christian bigots. Bad feelings escalated. I posted some REALLY insulting stuff about how some conservatives are professional "victims" of the "vast liberal conspiracy," which I won't repeat here because it was BRUTALITY. Then:*

TOO MANY PEOPLE, NOT ENOUGH COMMANDMENTS

Let me get this straight. If you, me or ANY OTHER CITIZEN besides Clinton got caught with his pants down like that, we'd instantly lose our jobs and probably even go to jail, followed by Hell. But since he's

Emperor, he's untouched. Like he has been so far. Right? Perfect logic. Let's extrapolate.

"Mz. Conspiracy Media Hog? My name is Tripp. I happen to have evidence that Ivan Stang cheated on his wife! Right there in the SubGenius Foundation office! With a DACHSHUND that was his EMPLOYEE! We even collected some STANG SPUNK that we scraped off the poor little animal's pelt. This should certainly have some bearing on that BESTIALITY charge he slipped out of last year!"

"Lady, who the FUCK is Ivan Stang, and why should I care what he and his runty dogs do? Go take your evil gossip somewhere else, you nasty venal BITCH!"
CLICK. BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ

But actually that wasn't what I was pissed off about today.

No, what's pissing me off is this. First, I was pondering how unfortunate it is that I have to live under laws based on the Ten Commandments, just because everybody else believes in invisible space monsters that write rulebooks on tablets of stone. But, this is a democracy, and majority rules. DANG! Then I got to pondering the Ten Commandments themselves. I've always maintained that most of that advice SHOULD be COMMON SENSE that GOES WITHOUT SAYING. But apparently, many people are so greedy, violent, rapacious and generally naughty that they must constantly be reminded not to steal, kill, lie, etc.

But THEN I got to realizing -- what's really WRONG is that there aren't ENOUGH Commandments that DO make sense. They left a lot OUT. What about, oh, I dunno, Thou Shalt Not Irreparably Trash the Biosphere? Or at LEAST Thou Shalt Not Litter. Who would argue with that? Thou Shalt Send "Bob" Thine \$30. Thou Shalt Not Be a Repetitive, Long-Winded Windbag. Thou Shalt Not Be a Thou-Shalt-Notter!

"Not to pee on the carpet, That is the Law. We are NOT MEN. Not to sniff the visitor's crotch, That is the Law. We are NOT MEN. Not to talk back to the boss, that is the Law. We are NOT MEN. Not to chase the giggling secretary around the room, that is the Law. We are NOT MEN. Not to wear white socks OUTSIDE of gym class, or black socks IN gym class, THAT is the Law. We are NOT MEN. Not to go out without tons of make-up, that is the

Law. We are NOT MEN. Not to Question the Lynch Mob, THAT is the Law. We are NOT MEN!"

Just because I attack the lynch mob, doesn't mean I'm in love with Bill "Pink Boy" Clinton. That would be like me saying that just because you hate Clinton, it means you suck Dick Army.

Although... me, I'd rather have a wad of bills in my mouth than dicks! If it CAME to that.

♀ *The nastiness escalated, of course. I was sent more factual material that did actually open my eyes to various sins of the Liberals that I had forgotten in my anti-Conservative zeal. Privately, by email, I was trying to explain to my angry friends some of my PERSONAL reasons for hating one side more than the other. But they had their own equally horrifying experiences to relate, from the opposite viewpoint.*

OK OK, IT'S A SOCIALIST POLICE STATE

I was discussing this ongoing debate with Dok Frop while we watched our wives and Nickie dance at a go-go club.

I said to him, "Frop, some SubGeniuses think that America is a Socialist police state." Dok Frop thought for a minute and said, "Well, in the strictest definition of the terms, it is. But it's a mild form of it. It's not like plain old capitalism is endangered. Wal-Mart, Microsoft and Blockbuster* are still going pretty strong."

**(Note: ARISE The SubGenius Movie is banned from Blockbuster. Actively banned. When Blockbuster bought Sound Warehouse, they shipped back 800 copies of ARISE that had been on the Sound Warehouse shelves. That and Scorese's LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST and LIFE OF BRIAN were on their banned list. LIFE OF BRIAN has been taken off, though.)*

I had to admit it. If you want to get technical about it, this IS a Socialist police state. If you don't let 'em take your hard-earned money to give to slouchers on unemployment and whatnot, they will put you in jail.

But, I'm afraid that isn't ALL it is. It's also a racist theocracy sometimes, among other things. Depends on which wrong time and wrong place you're in. It seems the fact that the Socialists are BAD, makes the BIBLE FASCISTS GOOD all of a sudden, and I now should DEFEND the far right religious fanatics, rather than put them

down?

There ARE FEMINAZIS. I've been censored or threatened by the feminazi P.C. brigades. The Church's tendency to celebrate PURE UNADULTERATED RAUNCH is as much a fist in THEIR moralistic faces as it is to the religious zealots and all-talk "family values" morons.

But I have been censored, pestered, bullied, threatened, and physically beat up by FLAG WAVING BIBLE-MISQUOTING FAR RIGHT WING FUNDAMENTALIST BIGOTS, a HELL of a lot more viciously than the pinkos ever even THOUGHT about. P.C. zealots have screamed at me, but they never published death threats against me or pointed guns at me because of things I SAID. Maybe it's just because I live in Texas or something. I'm sure that if I lived in Berkeley, Amherst, Madison, or any other of those evil hotbeds of smugness, I would sing a completely different tune. Even walking around in Portland fills me with a vast loathing for bleeding heart liberal know-it-all rich kids and hand-wringing college professors, blah blah woof woof.

My uber-Hates must be triggered by whatever type of PINK is overpopulating my current vicinity. I do not feel surrounded by queer Pinks. I don't feel surrounded by feminazi Pinks or black racists, although I have gotten shit from them at times. I definitely DO feel hemmed in just a wee bit by powerful country club inherited-wealth Republican corpo-Pinks on the one side, such as the ones who own all the newspapers and radio and TV stations around here, and dumb-fuck redneck born-again dupes on the other, who want to dictate our school science textbooks, and where my friends' dicks go, according to bizarre primitive superstitions.

Propaganda is best made by lying by omission. The ends do not justify the means... EXCEPT IN "BOB" DOBBS' case. And you conservatives can relax, because I happen to know that "Bob" and Ronald Reagan, and Elvis, are STILL the very best of friends and, in fact, spend a lot of time together, talking. Talking about, just, oh, all KINDS of things!

It looks like Clinton's slick ass is gonna weasel out of this fix, sort of, and he'll only have been publicly humiliated for a few years and lose millions of dollars as punishment for lying to the government about his girlfriend.

If there was justice, and Clinton was held to

the same rules that he makes the rest of us play by, then we'd ALL better be ready to answer these questions.

I haven't seen this year's IRS 1040s yet, but I wouldn't be surprised if just under the "DEPENDENTS" section it said:

spewings ensued... the kind of venom that newsgroups are made for. I wish we could reprint it all here. I was determined to 1) keep my sense of humor and 2) to PAY ATTENTION when I WASN'T being told what I wanted to hear. Freedom of the press is a wonderful thing, and it's too bad

CORRECT OPTION, THE WORD OF "BOB"!

(The terms "liberal" and "conservative" are both practically meaningless -- like the Bible, they can mean so many things that they cancel themselves out in internal contradictions.)

Form 1040 Department of the Treasury - Internal Revenue Service U.S. Individual Income Tax Return 1998	<p>Exceptions</p> <p>Attach Copy C of your Forms S-69, S-69H and 606-BJ here.</p> <p>If you did not get a S-69 see page 23</p> <p>Enclose payment, but do not lick envelope. Also please use form 13013-B.</p>	<p>7. Are you now or have you ever had sex outside of the marriage covenant?</p> <p>8. Are you (check one) heterosexual; other</p> <p>9. List the names and phone numbers of all persons with whom you have had sex. ...</p> <p>10. Please list any gifts, favors, or payments (these are not deductible).</p> <p>11. a. Have you told a lie about any of your sexual activities to anyone?</p> <p>b. Who?</p> <p>12. a. Have you ever had an abortion?</p> <p>b. Who was the doctor?</p> <p>c. What is his home address?</p> <p>13. What religion (check one) Christian Other</p> <p>14. Submission level of wife: Good Not too bad Uppity</p> <p>15. Do you believe Christ will return: Soon; Not Quite as Soon; Not Soon Enough; Y2K</p> <p>16. Neighbors who smoke pot:</p> <p>17. If married, please make sure both spouses sign. Attach your check to the top page.</p>
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Each side uses the other as an excuse to remove different kinds of Slack. One robs THIS kind of Slack, the other robs THAT kind of Slack. Whichever one steals the most diverts your Divine HATE towards itself and away from the other... THEN THEY HAVE YOU EXACTLY WHERE THEY WANT YOU: ON ONE OF THEIR SIDES. STUCK to the tarbaby of the Conspiracy. So I have resolved to prime my Hate Dynamo by broadening my education so as to cover the crimes of ALL False Prophets and thus to better smite ALL Pinks. It might not be a bad idea for other SubGenii,

NOW WAS THAT FAIR??

If that makes you mad, and you resent being lumped in with Creationists just because you don't like Clinton's police state, then please stop lumping me and half the rest of the country in with "feminazis" and welfare bums just because I don't like Kenneth Starr's police state. It makes you sound like you BELIEVE ONE HALF OF THE CONSPIRACY.

Let's put on John Carpenter's movie THEY LIVE and forget it.

More wonderful back-and-forth

it only exists on the Internet. Since I own this particular printing press, here's the last word:

MY LAST YEAR'S RESOLUTION

I have learned an important lesson from all this.

My job is to bash rival religious nuts, false prophets and ALL PINKS. Well, I have to admit, in studying all the evil crimes of my enemies the religious nuts, a

certain LOCAL kind of which are more numerous and vocal over on what's called the conservative side, I got so into THAT Hate that I started to forget the crimes of the OTHER religious nuts on the OTHER side, the one referred to (if rarely by itself) as liberal.

This is a good example of WHY the Conspiracy set it up so that we would appear to have ONLY TWO basic options, both of them TOTALLY FUCKED actually, and both of them there for NO OTHER REASON than to CONTROL US. The U.S. alone POTENTIALLY offers over 275 MILLION options! And needless to say they LEAVE OUT the ONLY POSSIBLE



especially the ones who are as muleheaded, agitated and/or as SUPERIOR as myself, to "check their oil" too.

We must remember that ACCORDING TO DOBBS, any politician who does not have a Membership Card in its pocket, is ABSOLUTELY not to be trusted. Any politician who HAS a Membership Card in its pocket, is absolutely NOT to be trusted.

Perhaps the RepubliGoons and the Democretins are engaged in total self-destruction even as we speak. Even so, they would only be replaced by two more BEAR TRAPS for SUCKERS. The Refirtarian Party vs. the Liberform Party, maybe. Certainly not Patriopsychoic AnarchoMaterialism!

Anything but THAT! Then there'd be NO CONSPIRACY AT ALL!





The Connieites and their Dildoes

- “Bob” isn’t the only one who has a hard time controlling himself around the Connieites. As we can see, these girls are doing their best to enjoy themselves while visions of stiff pricks, moist pussies, hard nipples and wild sucking and fucking dance through their heads. So what do they do? They take out a dildo, and then another one, and another... and still the fires keep burning down below. Of course what they don’t realize is that they’re getting all the Yetis excited with each vibrating dildo head. So what’s a girl to do and still remain a Connieite? Well, from all the books we’ve read, dildoes don’t count as the loss of a girl’s Slack... and besides dildoes *are* a Connieite’s best friend ...





Behind Every Good Man is a Woman With a Huge Strap-On : *The Story Of Sister Decadence.*

Hooo baby! Move over all you fabulous Subgenii and make room for the new gal in town. And honey, there's plenty of me to make room for!

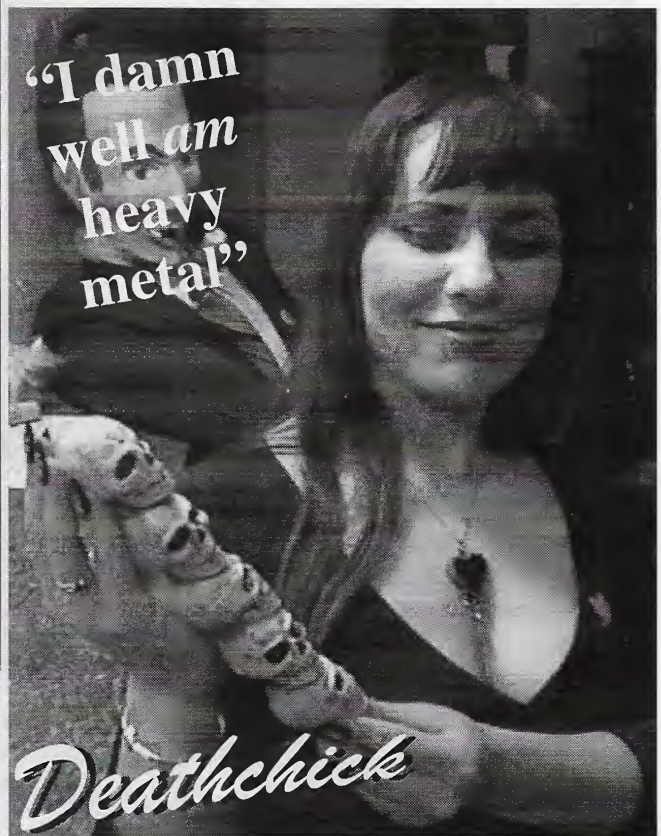
I found "Bob" at the not-so-tender age of 16 in San Francisco while reading the punk rock show posters on a telephone pole. As I circled round to the street side, there He was, in all His Grinning Glory. No message was attached, no written clue as to this mysterious man with the pipe. A cabbie drove by just then, honking and yelling madly as I flipped him off, and I was forced to put this compelling, cryptic image out of my mind as I narrowly escaped death. This should have been my first warning, but I was blissfully unaware of the Blessing of the Luck Plane.

I saw Him everywhere after that, that maniacal smile, beckoning me, burning in my brain. When I moved to Dallas four years later, I saw Him again, this time with some type, inviting me to a Devival in the now defunct Twilight Room. AHA! I didn't know what the hell a "Devival" was but I damn sure knew I would now see what this crazed visage was all about. I went, and settled in the back, at first wary of the prevailing lunacy. As the night continued, I began to See and Smell all. Through the power of the words of the heated Rev. Stang (WOOF!), and a stream of other preachers that night, I felt my Third Nostril FLARE and WIDEN. I bought buttons and literature (The



Original Holy Pamphlet,) and crawled home in a haze, dazzled by all I had unlearned.

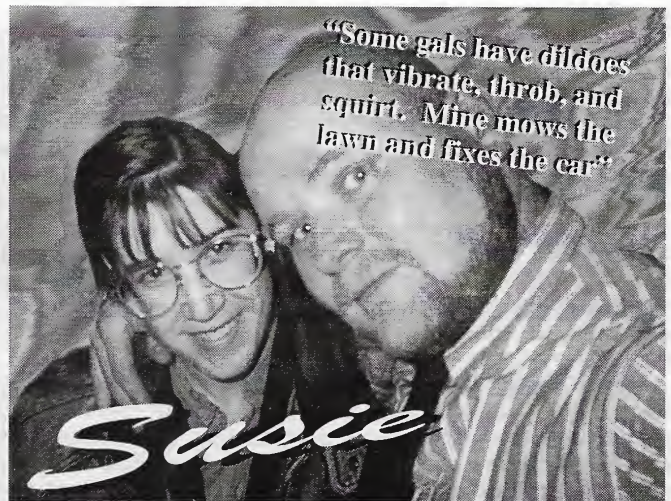
I have known "Bob" for many years since...OH have I known Him...but only recently have I been truly touched and BEHOLD! It was by a WOMAN! Yes, I have been blessed by the power of Connie's Cunt! I





*"A girl's
best friend."*

Floozie



*"Some gals have dildoes
that vibrate, throb, and
squirt. Mine mows the
lawn and fixes the car"*

Susie

DILDOES ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

Some guys might surmise I was too close to Mommy
But dildoes are a girl's best friend
There's a rise that I get when I hump a salami
No soggy sheets
And you know for sure it's Kosher meat
Days grow long without a dong
And we all must get stuffed in the end
Said it once and it still goes
Those girls love their dildoes!
DILDOES ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND!

-©Rev. Susie the Floozie



*"Tasty, but
it makes
my teeth
chatter"*

Magdalen

have bathed in the gushing wetness that is SHE...the Number One Wife and Holy Sex Kitten!! The flood of her rich, heady juices has induced a mighty surge of lust, agony and sheer epicureanism that is to be my path in Connie. Her steamy sex poured a flood over me and I heard her screaming, through our orgasmic bliss, "Go, Sister Decadence, and pump all the Pinks, Bobbies and heathen Subgenii alike FULL of the absolute satiation that is I."

And so, I vow to leave NO orifice unfilled, unpoked or unprodded in my quest for complete satisfaction and utter fulfillment in Connie's name! The Multiple Orgasm has been given to me by Her and I will NEVER REST!!

Ah HUH!! Praise "Bob" and better yet...Praise the All-Engulfing Love Hole of Connie!



THE APOCALYPSE OF REVEREND JOHN SHIRLEY

Truly, I say unto you, I have seen it: in a dream of sticky sheets have I seen it; in a golden haze of sacred frop have I seen it; in the daily newspaper have I seen it: THIS I HAVE SEEN, and here foretell: First I saw the many headed beast, whom some call THE CONSPIRACY, and in one aspect is called ALSO: Military Industrial Complex; this I see under a dome, in a welter of yellow cloud, dipping its heads into many troughs round about, and lo, swimming in terror in those troughs were women and children, blackened and shriveled with cancer they were; even were they brain damaged with toxins, and in great suffering. And in other troughs were boiling the war-mutilated, and the bombed; and the heads of the M.I.C. Beast wore toupees and dandruffed glasses, and some wore dark glasses, and designer shirts, and some had capped teeth, and Rolex watches pierced their nostrils, even those nostrils marked with much drinking of good Scotch; and on their heads were golf caps and yet were they without arms, and truly without dicks except that their heads were dicks, but had only the bodies of serpents, and tongues that were whips of many lashes, each lash with a different name: Pension, was one called; Group Health Insurance was another; Salary a Third; "Shut up or well blow your fucking brains out" was another marked, and truly. And one of these heads was called, in those days, General Electric; and its eyes were of television sets, of NBC daytime and night-time programming, and here were lies to the number five million. And one of these heads was called General Motors, and Ford by some, and by others Chrysler; and I saw this head of chrome-plate and metalflake raising itself so to vomit laid-off workers even as it laughed, and from the rectum that was also its mouth excreted faulty tanks, which nevertheless knew murder; also it excreted faulty cars, and a great smog that choked the world, and brought the world into a slow roasting like unto a barbecue chicken, which in those days was called Global Warming; And another was called Chemical Industry; who laughs even unto the bank as children die in Bhopal; and whose pesticides and herbicides sicken the land, and produce great famines, whereupon the people starve; And another of these heads was five-sided, to the shape of a pentagon, and was called "ROACH BRAINED SHAMBLER"; its head reached beyond the trough to suck the strength from the land, like a leech on a mouse, which in the end was almost bigger than the mouse, and a repugnant sight withal. And its tongue was also a rectum, and poisons it excreted, which were in those days called "military toxic waste" and "nuclear waste" and "hidden radioactive contamination", and these it concealed in a great spew of paperwork, the nests of featherless birds who are its brainless offspring, who are called Bureaucrats; and in its throat was a garbage disposal, wherein for all Eternity Lieutenant Calley throws a switch to grind up the innocents, and in its skull are the machine men, who will order other machine men buried alive in trench, and burned alive, and a great foul laughter will rise up within the beast at this, and other atrocities which it greets with great joy; And then another head there was, called CIA/RUSSIAN INTELLIGENCE, and called also "Israeli Intelligence", and "P2 Nazi conspiracy network in the world of secret intelligence", also called by some "Bumbling Idiots with too much power and not a clue, truly", and these shall in their trough spawn Death Squads and torture, and in their jaws I see a President, killed these many years ago, forever ground between molars, as each tooth had its name: Justice Department, and FBI, and CIA Black Ops and truly it was also CRACK COCAINE CONTRAFUNDING, and also was it called Mafia Connection, and Vatican connection, and Secret Nazi Power. And sprouting beside this head, and in obscene congress with it, was one called Cocaine Cartel, in whose trough a million children suffered; and one called Heroin, and others of their like, and they were like unto CIA, and yet had they agendas unto themselves, and much murder and bloody masturbation. And I saw these heads also on the Beast: Who is called Vatican; who is called Muslim Fundamentalist Lunatics; who is called Media (the Blinding One, the Liar who makes Satan look like Mother Teresa); who is Multinational Oil Conglomerates; and who is called Health Care Industry; who is called Congress, the slut "Politicia", the Whore and Harlot; and International Arms Trade; and Mindless Communism known to men as the Servants of Mao, and Pol Pot, who wallow in butchery; and the body of the beast did also have a name, and was known as he who is the Stupefaction of the Common Man, and under its belly will the children of the Common Man sleep, and sleep will hold them in bondage: And "U2" shall play a benefit, whereupon the Beast will dance with embarrassing ineptitude on its clawed feet; and also Guns N Roses are seen to play, and even unto the one called Sting, and others who shall be known as hypocritical ass kissers; And the Sacred Motorhead shall not be asked to play; nor the Saint Iggy Pop; neither Henry Rollins nor The Band That Dare Not Speak Its Name; nor Captain Beefheart, nor the Frank and the Zappa. But there shall be two parties; and one shall be within the dome, and one outside; and the one outside the dome will perish first, and yet will not just party, but will party the hell out of it, and these latter will party in the burning mud outside the dome, and under the sky, which with Ultraviolets shall scorch them even unto stir-frying, and yet their death will be joyous, and will come with exquisite contortions in the throes of their divine toxicity, even as their astral forms are released, and they thereupon enter the waiting saucers of the Xists, and know that the Beast trapped within the dome will perish without rescue: The Beast with one foot upon the golf course and the other upon the Resort which is called Palm Beach, and its tail upon Beverly Hills and thence across the pesticide-slain sea to Tokyo, event to Peking and Moscow, and its groin resting on Manhattan, and its Lowermost Rectum (for it has of these a multitude) pierced by the World Trade Center, doubly and with hemorrhoids to the number ten thousand, and in this party shall dullness and blandness flourish, and this mediocrity become a toxic liquid in itself, which will thicken and choke those who sport with the Beast beneath the dome, while the dome itself--this I have seen, verily--prevents the entry of the saucers with its own hell-wrought insularity, who might have rescued some few in their mercy, but by the Dome of Class and Privelege were prevented, and so those beneath the dome perished, even like Robert Alton Harris in the gas chamber, or like unto obscenely squirming termite queens in poisoned walls. These things I have seen, before the fact, and outside of Time; and let the Sacred Scribe record them, and let Pink Men take warning: For the end times approach, and they're just the beginning, dumbshit.

The Church of the SubGenius

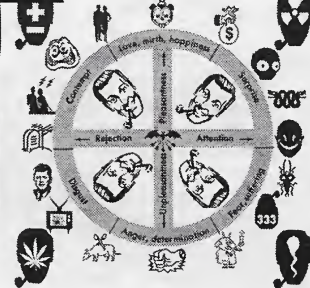
present

☺ "BOB" Dobbs ☺

front

back

front



Wheel of Life

Cool Bob



GIVE ME SLACK!

Waste Bob

WASTE HELPS THE ENEMY



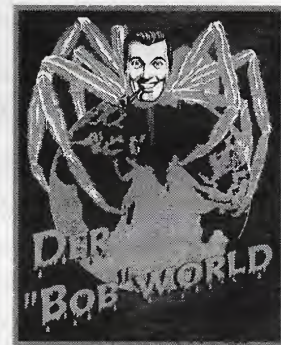
GET WASTED

Front & Back Big Bob
T-shirt Colors: Black & Sports Grey



back

Der Bob



Bob Door Mat



Bob Embroidered Hat
Hat Colors: Tan & Black



Wake Up Bob



Bob Bridge



All Shirts \$15
Add \$2 for XXL
Hats \$17
Door Mats \$15

*Designs Available On White Shirts
Except where indicated*

Large, X-Large and XXL Available in all T-shirts

SUBGENIUS AUDIO

COLLECTOR TAPE PACKS

All Tape Packs contain 4 tapes in a great collectors case

Slack Attack Pak \$20.00

Four 60 min. Hour of Slack radio programs, including Best of Hour Slack. The SubGenius weekly outreach ministries will have you pukin' for more. The remaining shows are hand picked by us and will be the latest and best shows. No special requests, after all they are ALL great.

Media Barrage Barrage \$25.00

Contains Media Barrage #0, #10, #11, #12. 90 min. of the insane fast paced editing style that the SubGenius is world famous for. Popculture media clips interspersed with SubGenius rants, songs, and interviews. You'll listen to them again and again and always hear something new.

#0: "What The Hell?" mad prophets, hell-music bands, radio saboteurs, technowizards, Cult Theologians and Head-Launchers

#10: "Repent!" Anti-Conspiracy Special

#11: "Shut Up, Pink Boy!" Hymns, Ranters, Gosp-HELL music

#12: "Slack" and the show : Best on Slack and SubGenius Radio

"Bob's" Ear Infection \$25.00

The best damn "Bob" music collection ever. Includes three 60 and one 90 min minute music tape collections. Such classics as:

"Bob's" Media Pollution

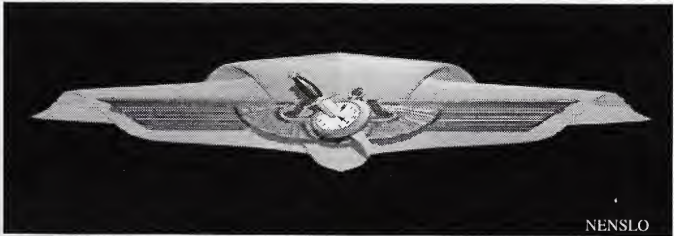
Hairs in "Bob's" Ears

"Bob's" Earwax

The Ear of "Bob"

Devival Then Fire CD \$14.95

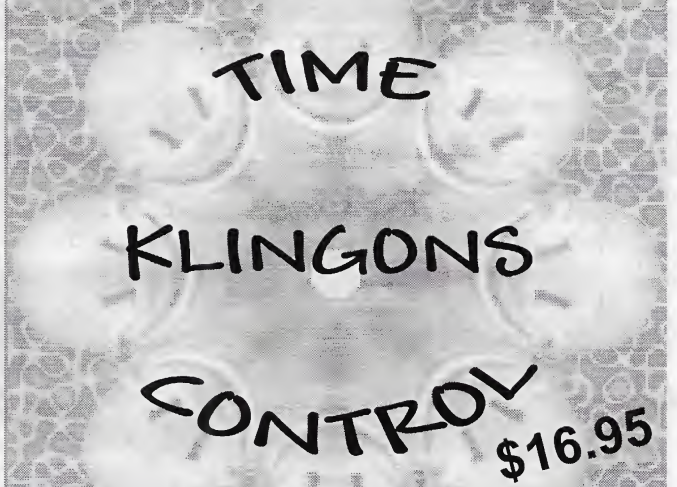
Laughing Cat Studios recorded our Slack Crusade Devival in Madison (Feb. '96) and it SOUNDS GREAT. Complete, uncut rants by Rev. Ivan Stang, Dr. K'taden Legume, plus the all-grrrrl, Psychoacoustics Preachers. Lenny Bruce and Bill Hicks are dead -- WHAT ELSE IS THERE LEFT TO BUY??



Bill T Miller's Orgy of Slack CD \$10.00

ORGY OF SLACK is a compilation of the highlights of the many Rants and Raves of the KING OF SLACK, DOKTOR BILL T. MILLER! There are clips from the legendary KINGS OF FEEDBACK, digital Slack from the X-Day Slackfux Devivals, and guest vocals by the great Ivan Stang, Susie the Floozie, Irreverend Friday Jones, Pope Meyer, Brother Cleve, and D.J. Jones! The KING OF SLACK doesn't believe in wasting precious time on your CD by leaving it empty. EVERY SECOND of this sixty-six minute Digital Devival is filled with noise, feedback, audience Ranting, sex-starved nympho alien Sex Goddess moans, and NEVER-BEFORE HEARD creations including the tracks "Religion Is Poison," and "Slack Bang Me Baby." And if THAT'S not enough, it's also the recorded CD debut for SLACKBANGERS!

Available now from the Church of the SubGenius



The greatest SubGenius CD you don't have yet!

From Germany. The Klingons; named back when Star Trek was obscure Bulldada (remember that?) This CD is full of great SubInspired songs like Too Much, T.H.E.Y, and Illuminati Party. 17 songs altogether with special hidden bonus tracks. Also featuring clips from Robert Anton Wilson and William Burroughs recorded just for this CD! It will not only control time it will control your very mind.

10 cents a minute!

"Bob's" Long Distance Service No Kidding.

All the Fuckin' Time!

Yes, Finally a way to tithe by doing nothing!

Many SubGenius have already taken advantage of this deal, and now it's even better.
10 Cents a minute ALL THE TIME. Essentially you switch your long distance service and The Church of the SubGenius gets 1% of your charge at no extra cost to you. If you get the form from us and fill it out, then we get a whole 2%. If you own a business then we get 5%. It's small, but if we get enough people it can start to add up. ATTENTION: If your already signed up and are not getting 10 cents a minute call the below number and tell them you want the DIME DEAL.

- ⇒ **Call 1(800) 875-9235**
- ⇒ **Ask** any questions you may have about the service, ask about the **DIME DEAL** for 10 cents a minute. (They also provide personal 800 numbers, and other services, just ask.)
- ⇒ **Sign up** (By the way it's risk free for 30 days, if not satisfied they will switch you back for free *usually a \$15 or so fee)
- ⇒ Give Them this code Number **#175179673** (*IMPORTANT, without it we get nothing)
- ⇒ (*OPTIONAL, this is so we can get even MORE money) Get the official form from us, call toll free or send a SASE, ask for the Long Distance Company form.
- ⇒ **DON'T SWITCH BACK.** This is crucial - - seconds after you hang up the Conspiracy will be trying to lure you away with free gifts and even cash. Don't give in! Besides that no one can beat 10 cents a minute all the time, "Bob" doesn't get anything! And you should tell them so!

Become a Reverend of the Church of the SubGenius Life-time membership \$30!! Includes one year subscription to the Fist

Shipping & Handling Costs

For All Orders:
Calculate 5% of order and then add \$3.50

- * Outside US (Canada& Mexico) add \$5 to S&H*
- * Overseas add \$12 to S&H*
- * All Money must be US Equivalent*

Amt.	Description	Price Each	Total
* Order shipped or US Mail. Normal Delivery time 4 to 6 weeks		Subtotal	
* Money orders and Credit Cards are usually processed quicker.		S and H(see chart)	
* Make checks or money orders payable to:SubGenius Foundation Inc.		Tax (Texas only)	
* 30 DAY MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED		Mexico/Canada \$5	
Name		Overseas \$12	
Address		Total	
City, State, Zip			
X. I am over eighteen and of Yeti descent.			



FROM THE DESK OF COMMANDER CHRIS: OFFICIAL CHURCH CANTOR, ROCKETEER, AND PERSONAL CONFIDANT TO EINSTEIN'S BRAIN.

The challenge is on. If the Xists don't come at NeXt day '99... We're going after THEM. We all who experienced the wonder of those chilly New York nights last year at X-Day may understand the Quest that we were given last July Five a little deeper than others...



BUT THE CALL IS ON... THE QUEST HAS VOICED IT'S INTENT!

BUILD YOUR OWN ROCKETSHIP!

The Church seeks all those who hear the call of the VOID... all those who thrill at the smell of freshly burned rocket.

fuel... all those who yearn to speak the words---"Zero G and I feel fine", to bring their flying machines to NeXt Day'99. Join with me in the QUEST... 2 pounds-200 miles-by the year 2000, or the Einsteinium equation - (2lbs200ml)(y2k) by bringing your rockets or other devices to be launched. THIS IS A TEST LAUNCHING. We do not have government clearance over 100,000 ft. so please limit your rocket motor pound-thrust capability accordingly. We can however launch into suborbital space any human biological units for medical research. (One rocket I have ready to GO takes an H engine- that's pretty fuckin' big- and is topped with the skull of a Yacatisma sperm skull... Don't you dare miss THAT one when it goes up) The Sacred Rocket Launching will occur on Saturday, July 3 at NeXt Day'99 at Brushwood. I'll supply the electric ignition launch pad. (The Church already has 16 vehicles ready to launch... and there are still 5 month's to go.) You supply your rockets and engines. Sizes from A through D or E are approved... F through H will be tolerated... but no M or N motors---remember this is only a test. We don't want to BLOW ANYTHING UP now... do we?!

Even if we don't GET OFF the planet on our own before the Xists get here... at least it will give us something to do before we HIT!

Love,
Chas

Yes children, it's THAT time again. Just when you thought it was SAFE to go back into your little world, the grin of Dobbs is stretching across the skies again.

XX-Day. 5 July 99. Sherman, New York. It can now be revealed, the party that WAS X-Day was just a teaser of what's happening this last year of the millenium. Do you think the Elder Gods wanted a bunch of WEENIES running EarthFarm-1 at the start of 2000? NAY! The losers have been weeded out and the cream has risen to the top! Congratulations, you've been FLUFFED by Dobbs!

NOW is YOUR last chance to meet and make secret plans with Rev. Ivan Stang, CONFESS your sins and your wallet contents to Rev. Jesus H. Christ, and walk in the steps of the badman from Dobbstown himself.

Where else on the planet can you break bread (and heads) with Dr. Legume, Poppa Joe Mama and Rev. Ed Strange!

Where else can you frop it up with Popess Lilith von Fraumensch, Dr. Dynasoar and Onan Canobite!

Where else can you offer yourself AS A LIVING SACRIFICE to Sister Suzie the Floozie, Rev. Nickie DeathChick, Mary Magdalen and Sister Decadence!

All this is brought to you by the SubGenius Foundation.

Make plans to PROFIT off the CONFUSION of 1 January 2000! But GIT YER ASS to XX-DAY!

~Ragin' Pope Angus, reporting.





**BRUSHWOOD FOLKLORE
CENTER
SHERMAN, NY
X-DAY 1999!!
JULY 1 through 5**

*"...a LITTLE TASTE of
DOBBSTOWN!!!"*

There is THE LAST SUBGENIUS EVENT!
—EVER!

Can you feel it, children? That low rumble coming from the ground, like a billion ton train rolling like thunder, gaining momentum, gaining speed, getting closer and closer until **BANG!** the air splits, the Earth screams, the seas boil, and it's **ARMAGEDDON!!!** Yes, kindred, X-Day's so close you can almost smell the blood, you can almost hear the screams, you can almost taste the sweet nectar of **VENGEANCE!!!**

LOCATION

BRUSHWOOD is just outside the village of Sherman in southwestern New York state, an hour from the Erie airport and about 2.5 hours' drive from Cleveland or Buffalo.

Find Sherman, NY on a NY map.

It's off Rte. 17, west of Chautauqua Lake in the southwestern part of the state, at the very tip, where it's reaching for and almost touching Ohio. 430 runs through it; 76 crosses through it, Rt.17 also.

Go to Sherman.

Sherman's only one block long. Main Street = 430. Go to the West end of Main (Ford dealer on the corner) and turn South onto Co.Rd. 15. Take 3 miles to first 4-way intersection, which is Bailey Hill Road. Turn right (West) on Bailey Hill and go 1 mile. Brushwood is on the left, with a sign.

*If you get lost,
you can call
Brushwood at
(716) 761-6750.*

*For any other purpose, call the
Devival Hotline Voice Mail at:
(216)556-0338.*

VENDING

If your idea of true Slack is relieving others of the incredible burden of material wealth, then you are welcome to vend. There is no extra fee to vend, and you can sell anything allowed by State Law. Mind readings, Yeti-Love Massages, 'Zines, Psychic-Pstench-Portraits, it's up to you. Except Official Licensed SubGenius Merchandise (i.e. anything with "Bob" on it): Of course "Bob" and the SubGenius Foundation are the only ones permitted to sell their merchandise at the X-Day Drill.

CONDITIONS

Brushwood is 180 lush acres of rolling hills and majestic woodlands, with indoor hot showers, flush toilets, a roofed swimming pool and hot-tub area, a giant pavilion for holding tent-show devivals and enough Slack to keep

**TEN THOUSAND DOKTORBANDS
CRANKING OUT THE HITS USING
ALL THEIR EQUIPMENT, WHILE
BREATHING CHURCH AIR, AND
PERFORMING NASAL SEX, STARK
NAKED, RIGHT THERE IN FRONT
OF EVERYBODY, ALL NIGHT
LONG!!**

*It'll scare the shit out of the norm-
worms and PROBABLY US TOO!!*
But this isn't the sleazy poebucker set-up

that The Pink Inside You fears.

Brushwood is COMFORTABLE. The situation is **SECURE.** We will have our OWN "police." The folks who run the site, and the town nearby, have been doing this for YEARS, and are COOL with "BOB"! THIS IS THE PERFECT PLACE to AWAIT THE RUPTURE! NONE MAY STOP US -- and NONE MAY ESCAPE ONCE THE GATE CLOSES!!

What to Bring

This is a semi-developed camping facility, RVs and Campers are allowed but there are no RV hookups. There are a limited number of vehicles allowed on site, (don't worry, parking lot is within walking distance of campsite), please call ahead to get a parking permit if you'll need to have your vehicle on the grounds. Bring **EVERYTHING YOU'LL NEED. NO ONE WILL BABYSIT YOU.** There will be food for sale at the site, but you can bring your own. Bring tent, sleeping bag, flashlight, food, cookstoves, first aid, rain gear. (The water there is ok.) Nights can be VERY COLD even in July, so bring warm stuff. **NO PETS OF ANY KIND.**

What's New?

Members ONLY

Due to the overwhelming popularity of X-Day and the many secret rites performed, this event is for *Ordained SubGenius Ministers only!* No Pinks. If you want to bring one of the unwashed then do so and their membership will be included in price of admission. We're banning freedom of choice. Join or die.

We're doing less so you can do more!

That's right, we've decided that the Cult *Leaders* should have the **most** Slack, else what would new initiates have to look forward to! Don't worry, there will still be your favorites: "Bob" tisms, Nude Wrestling, and all night Rant-a-thons. The Foundation will have far fewer but much more *grandiose* events.

In the past many have set up what can only be called **theme camps:** *Topless Eight Ball Divination, All Night Espresso Bar, Grope Tent, Free Radio SubGenius*, and so on. This year we will be giving away **big prizes** to the best three. The top place winners will get their entry fee back, as well as a host of other prizes. There will also be runner up prizes and perhaps even "Best Of" categories, such as Best Bribery of Judges, Most Flesh, Best

Hatred of Pinks, etc.

New Events

Build Your Own Ship.

Bring your best model rockets for the largest single simultaneous launch in history. (See story: Build your own ship.)

Wrestling

We had to **top ourselves**, so this year we bring a *four ring, no stopping for excessive blood loss, single elimination match*. Each contestant will pick a champion to fight for, and perhaps the more emergentile Subs will even dress as their champion to properly represent him or her in the ring. **Will it be Zeus vs. Farakahn, Gandhi vs Ronald McDonald, Vishnu vs. Hitler**, let's find out who really is running things around this planet. TRIAL BY BODILY FLUID. If your champion is *REALLY* the best then *you will win!*

Rules for special events

Don't get too hung up on rules or what will happen, this is after all a SubGenius event, you'll find out when you get there. Just bring STUFF and all will happen according to Dobbs Plan.

STUFF

Besides essentials you may want to bring: model rockets (*No Fireworks*), costumes, your old porno collection, books and tools of the Con for the good 'ol book burning, body paint, donations to the Bull-Dada auction, birth control, extra towels and socks, spare set of shoes and a portable radio, we can't go into detail on why to bring them all, but trust us, you'll be glad you did.

Hot Shot Guests

This year we proudly welcome, that wacky media pirate, Mark Hosler of Negativland.

More Music, Better Sound

We've gotten confirmation that Einstein Secret Orchestra will appear, and have several other new bands along with many great ones that will be returning. We plan to have a professional sound and light technician, and an alternate system for all night ranting!

*** Bands wishing to perform must contact p-lil@subgenius.com for information and to get on the schedule. If you do not you may not get a chance to perform on stage.

Airports, Hotels, Supplies

The closest major airport is ERIE, PA (ERI).

Discounted Air Tickets for Subs: Continental airlines has made a deal with Dobbs:

- 10% off (60 days in advance)
- 10% off all refundable tickets
- 5% off any ticket (30 days in advance)
- Also special Zone fairs for selected areas, just ask.
- Call Continental airlines at 1(800) 525-0280 or use any agent.
- Flights must be between June 26 and July 10th
- YOU MUST Give the agent the **SUBGENIUS FOUNDATION**

Reference Code: NSN-0-HL

(That's: Neegee Subgenius Neegee - Zero - Hal Lothar)

Airport Shuttles, Caravans:

Some Subs do volunteer their time to run shuttles back and forth to the airport. (It is about 30 minutes one way) However, *the Foundation will not come get you.* So figure something out with someone before you get there. Some

Yetis will even drive you all the way from your home to the event and back for gas money. You are responsible for setting this up, and any consequences that may occur from being locked in a small space with your unwashed Yetinsyn brethren. The Shuttle and Ride board is at: www.subgenius.com/rideboard.
OPTIONAL

The goings-on of last year's X-Day Drill can be seen at www.subgenius.com

LODGING: We don't know why anyone would want to stay anywhere but at the campgrounds. You **WILL** miss a LOT of the spontaneous fun that can boil up at any time if you are not on site. But since some have asked:

*Miller House Bed & Breakfast - 137 W Main St, Sherman NY (716)761-6795 (Limited Space - call now!)

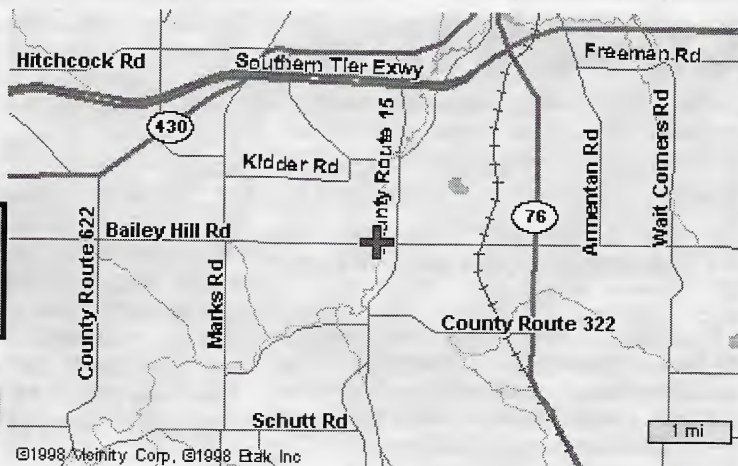
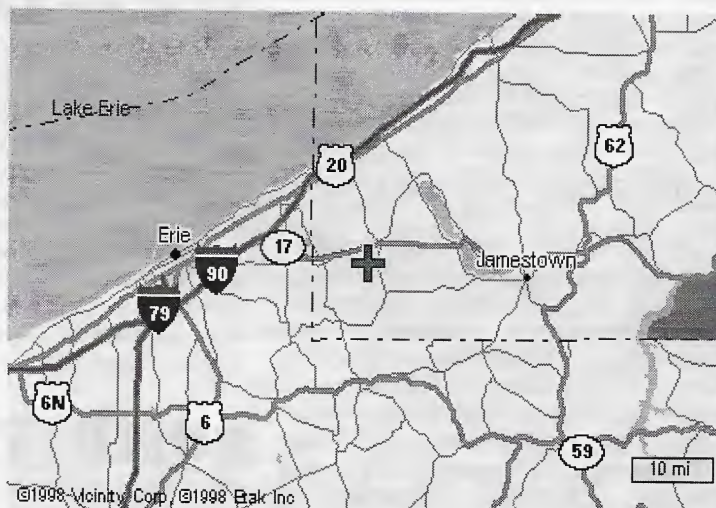
*The Inn Between - Route 430, Sherman, NY (716)761-6255

*If these are filled, the closest city (20 min.) is Jamestown, it has several chain motels.

SUPPLIES - The closest town is quite small but does sell basic groceries, beer and wine. Stock up before you get to the campgrounds. Having to leave during the event is NO FUN!

The Rule: Don't Sully Anyone's Slack!

No animals, no fireworks, no weapons, no motorcycles. These will be provided if needed. It's simple: if you annoy others you will be thrown out.



"bob" stock



FALLING

© 1998

**BYOND
OCCUPATION
NOBODY'S**

Reverend Phay Dhay was falling. He didn't know where he was or how he had gotten there: all that he knew was that he was falling. Air whistled passed his ears. All he could see was whiteness. As his body flailed and twisted in the air, unable to find anything to hold onto, so his mind flailed and twisted over the last things he remembered, digging in, pulling out vivid flashes of memory: It has been an abnormally hot Fourth of July; the ground seemed to shimmer and sweat just like the people. Phay had stayed inside all day, relaxed on his bed, with a cool glass of lemonade at his side and his collection of Flaming Carrot comics close to hand. He sipped leisurely. He read slowly, enjoying himself. He could have driven to the big Brushwood celebration, but he had never been the most social of SubGenii. When the phone rang he calmly took a small rubber hammer and smashed it into bits. It wasn't a very big phone and didn't take more than a pop or two.

It was probably his work calling. He'd told them that he was leaving as of July 1st, but they insisted on putting him on the schedule - as though that had some voodoo power over him! As though seeing his name written on a Xerox of a calendar page and thumbtacked over the water cooler would compel him to work! After the sun set, Phay got up and took a fast,

cold shower, put on his clothes (and a jean jacket, against the mosquitoes) and went for a walk. He liked to walk. Phay wandered along the streets, up and down the low hills. He smelled the flowers and enjoyed the sight of a cat leaping pell-mell after a squirrel that handily outdistanced it, and taunted the frustrated carnivore from a tree branch.

Phay savored the cooling breeze, and the first twinkle of the stars in the deepening blue sky. The fact that a large number of the stars were moving made it only a more charming evening. The sky was turning from evening blue to night and Phay found himself in the parking lot overlooking the river. The fireworks were starting. Phay wasn't particularly interested in the bright sparkles and muffled booms, though: much more sensual was the sound of the ashes and sparks pattering into the river, and the smell of the gunpowder, and the sight of the milling, squirming, sweating human crowd.

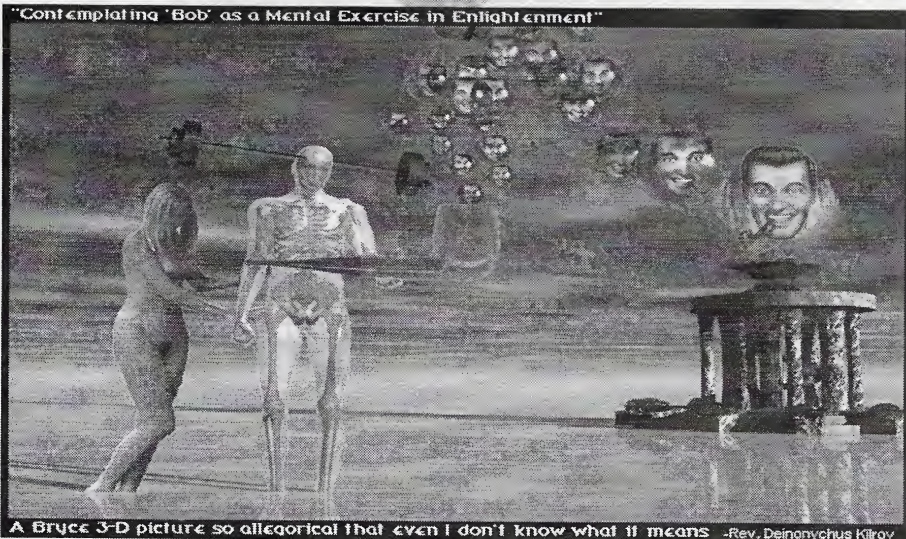
Look at them! Every sign, every portent imaginable telling them that their world was on the brink of collapse and destruction, and still they gathered - not to celebrate their country, but to snipe at each other, deliberately step on each other's toes, and trade insults and fists. Phay watched a little boy carefully kick an even smaller girl in the shins; her fall nearly sent her face-first into the remains of a broken beer bottle. As she cried over her scraped arms, the little boy slunk back into the crowd, a leering miniature gargoyle.



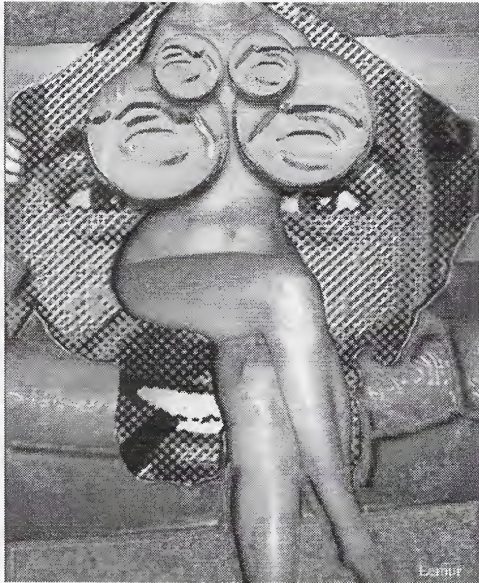
Film star Jeanette Scott loves a man with a giant, grumpy Dobbshead.

A few people drifted up to Phay, false smiles on their faces, ready to start ribbing the "kook" about the "saucers" - but they backed off when they looked Phay in the eye. When they looked, they seemed to see down, deep down, down into the blackness at the pupil of the eye, then somehow BEHIND the blackness and there to see a tiny, grinning face. The grinning face with the pipe sticking out of it. Phay was smiling too, but his smile wasn't the ravenous smile of Dobbs. It was a contented smile. The smile of a man who wanted for nothing, because he had everything. It was hard to talk to a man with that smile, especially when the stars behind the tiny, bright fireworks were burning such unnatural colors, and occasionally firing at each other with tiny needles of light.

The fireworks were over, with a spit and a sizzle rather than a grand climax. Phay started to stroll around the edge of the crowd (he hadn't gone into the center of it, why spend his last night on earth crushed in the heat and smell of a herd of humans?) when a slim, tight figure in a snappy white jumpsuit swayed forth to bar his way. It was Mora Willingham. Mora had been the subject of a painful, even soul-shattering crush on the part of Phay Dhay when he had been in the eighth grade. His every thought had been focused on her hot body and doll-perfect face. He would have done anything to win one chance to touch her. It was only



A Bryce 3-D picture so allegorical that even I don't know what it means -Rev. Deinonychus Kilroy



the intoxication of finding the Church of the SubGenius that had finally killed that crush, years later - and when Phay had realized that, he had sent an extra tithe to Dallas.

"Thank 'Bob' for freeing my heart of that Pink bitch," he had thought over and over again. Now here she was, her jumpsuit trimmed in fashionable fluorescent purple plastic, a drunken twinkle in her eye. Phay came up to her - and stepped past, and walked on by without even breaking stride. Mora waited, frozen in her high-heeled sandals, for him to turn back, to look over his shoulder, to give her again one of those yearning, starving glances that had so fed her soul when they were both in Junior Physics together. He just kept walking.

Mora waited another few moments before trotting after him - a gesture that would later leave her parents screaming "You followed him! In front of everyone! What the hell are we going to say to the cops now!" and caught up with him. As she reached for his shoulder, his hand shot back and grabbed her wrist. He turned, and she was face-to-face with little Mark Meisler, who wasn't nearly so little anymore, and not quite so much of a Mark.

"Hey, saucer man, your aliens send you a flight plan yet?" she teased, drops of beer gleaming in her hair. They were both on the bridge over the river, clearly visible to the dispersing crowd. "You going to pogo up to Heaven's Gate on the pipe of 'Bob' or what?" She went to tap the "Bob" button that was fastened to his jacket, but her hand was still caught in his. Phay held her hand palm-out towards him, and planted his other thumb in the hollow of her hand. And turned it. Slowly. Mora was suddenly alive, twitching, her every nerve focusing on the

thumb pressing into her palm. It rotated one way, then ever so slowly the other way. Then it pressed into her flesh, deeply, in unmistakable suggestion. "My house. My parents are away for the night!" Mora gasped, the sweat springing to her brow. As she turned and towed the Reverend towards her car - or was it that he let her have just enough slack to carry him along behind her? - she couldn't see that his smile now owed more than a bit to the leering, omnivorous grin of the Church figurehead.

***Phay Dhay was still falling. Still remembering: There was a piece of furniture in Mora's bedroom that Phay wasn't quite sure of the name of. Was it a hassock or a footstool? It was low, and had four legs, and an elaborately embroidered, cushioned top. Phay had never seen it before, but then again, he'd never seen Mora's bedroom before, or her house, or even most of her neighborhood. It was quiet, expensive, exclusive. Phay had certainly never seen Mora in the position she was in now.

Naked, she was bent over the hassock, or whatever it was, with it supporting most of her weight just below her shoulder blades. Her head was thrown back. Her hands gripped her ankles, forcing her smooth body into an arch with her knees and head just touching the ground. And she was straining every muscle up, and up, and up, to follow the touch of the Reverend's hand. He had not laid so much as a palm upon her: just one finger, or at most two.

A single fingertip tracing along her body, up under the curve of her ear, along the tight flesh of her forearms, in the hollow of her throat. Her skin gleamed with sweat as she twisted and throbbed with sexual excitement, and her musk was heavy in the room, heavy enough to taste when

you breathed. When Phay's finger got too dry, he would sink it slowly, deeply into her panting mouth, feeling the slight roughness of her tongue, the velvet of her cheek, the too-smooth edges of her perfectly capped teeth.

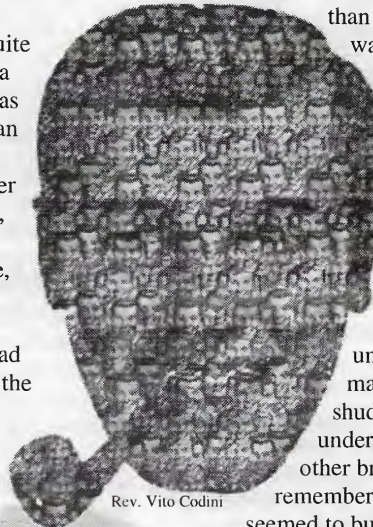
Then, his finger damp, he would continue tracing anew. She was whining, whimpering for him to touch her, to lick her, to fuck her, but he paid no attention to her voice. To him, it was of no more importance than the barking of a dog. As Phay looked over the body of Mora Willingham, the body he had dreamed about for so many years, he was struck by how artificial it seemed, more a product

than a person. The tan was the product of long hours in a SuperSun booth, the taut flesh a tribute to Nautilus.

He half-expected to see a brand name tattooed on her flank - probably Mattel. As he worked his finger down along the underside of her breast, making her gasp and shudder, he felt a hard line under it. It was under the other breast too. He

remembered how Mora had just seemed to bust out all over one summer, after her family had come back from vacation ...Breast implants, he thought with a shudder of his own. She couldn't have been more than fourteen!

He looked at the willing, moist flesh that was almost visibly straining wider, begging for his touch. Phay felt that he could SEE not just into Mora's body but into Mora's mind, see the complete, empty Pinkness that danced mindlessly at the center of her soul. If there had even been a Yeti spark in this girl's heart, it was dead.



Rev. Vito Codini



Rev. D. KERN



Dead and buried, beyond any hope of redemption.

BOOM, came the sound of the clock downstairs tolling midnight. BOOM, as Phay's fingers traced a line down Mora's ribs, slicking each one in passing. BOOM, as they crossed her waistline and moved towards her belly, feeling her tremble. BOOM, as they circled her navel, slipping in and out of the tender dent in her flesh. BOOM, as three fingers were touching her now, sliding past her immaculately shaved lower belly, slick with her own sweat. BOOM, as she arched her hips, gripping her ankles with all her might, waiting to feel the pleasure coursing through her veins finally come to the ultimate peak. BOOM, as the fingers touched the edge of her bleached-blond muff.

She could hear them rasping in her hair, every sense was razor sharp. BOOM, as the fingers settled themselves, circling in place, poised, waiting, vibrating in and out just a fraction. Her belly fluttered to her panting. DOOM, as the fingers sank in, one on each side of her pubic bone and one right at the top. DOOM, as Mora writhed, feeling every nerve in her body fire outward from her throbbing, wet wantonness. DOOM, as Mora felt the fire in her nerves going cold. DOOM, as Mora shuddered not with ecstasy but with supreme, ultimate frustration.

Reverend Phay Dhay stood up. He wiped his fingers nonchalantly in Mora's hair. And he walked to the door, and left. As he walked down the stairs, he could hear Mora, panting, moaning,

caressing herself, scratching at her flesh, slapping at herself, plunging fingers in and out of her suddenly cold flesh, squeezing herself until bruises fluttered under her skin like butterflies. No matter what she did, she was unable to bring the slightest spark of arousal to her body.

She sounded like she could keep it up all night - and would, until her parents came home. Their first thoughts would be not to care for their daughter, but to charge "whoever DID this" with rape. They would leave Mora sobbing in a puddle of her own saliva and fluids, so they could call their lawyer and shout at him. Phay Dhay walked to the front door, opened it, and stepped outside. As he closed the door behind him, the grandfather clock by the door chimed one last time - DOOM.

***It was the duck that finally told Phay where he was. He remembered walking home, carefully washing his hands, reading a few of his favorite passages from "The Book Of The SubGenius", and then lying down in bed and composing himself, his Membership card clenched tightly in one fist. There was a hot, vibrating tension just behind his heart, thrumming like the memories of Christmas Eves spent waiting for Santa to come; this tension was a thousand times stronger. But the duck had just gone flying past Phay's head. It was flying, not falling. And it was flying upside-down, its belly in the air. Phay realized that he wasn't falling, he was flying. Well actually he was falling, but he was falling UP.

He tossed his head, and saw that the limitless white surface an infinite distance away from him was actually a white metal surface less than half a mile away - a surface that curved at the edges. Curved to cover a round section of early-morning sky.

Reverend Phay Dhay was falling into the saucer hovering over his hometown and slowly moving west. The shock of the tension coming undone was enough to shake him off his feet - if he'd been standing. His mouth was closed but

his eyes were alight, and the sudden burst of tears was not of pain or fear, but of joy. "Bob" had come through! He twisted in midair and turned so that he could see the ground receding below him. He could see all of the town at once, and seemed to be able to distinguish tiny details, like the hole punched in the roof of his apartment where he had been lifted up, the face of his astonished next-door neighbor peering at him from his kitchen window, the rampaging death-machines making a hash of Boston on the horizon, even the face of Mora, staring madly at him from the back of an ambulance.

He saw streams of flame tumbling past his face, and realized it was him alight. It wasn't fire though but brightness, burning away his old body, illuminating him, surrounding him with light, taking him apart, bringing his weirdest dreams to RAMPAGING LIFE!

"HaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!" he screamed, a scream of triumph and release and revenge. Reverend Phay Dhay's body blew apart in a gout of flame far prettier than any Fourth of July fireworks. And as he stood reincarnated before the endless rows of seats, each seat with its own attendant Sex Goddess, Pleasure Amplifier and MWOWM access, and every seat that wasn't empty occupied by a radiantly happy SubGenius, he raised his hands in victory as the shouts of greetings rang forth. Reverend Phay Dhay had reached —

THE PAY-OFF.



The Second and Probably Last Meeting of the M.A.S.C

As Sacred Business Manager of the Church, I am constantly called upon to answer many questions about our functions and inner workings. One of the most asked questions is about the SubGenius Clench. Where can I find one? How can I start one? and other similar queries. We strongly encourage every member to create a clench and have meetings, even if it's just to watch the X-files together. The problem is that very few clenches have ever survived. SubGeniuses classically have problems with organization, punctuality, and, most damaging, relating to other Sub's. Following is a classic example of what you can expect from an Official Clench Meeting. -Jesus

Minutes from the second bi-annual monthly meeting of the Mid-Atlantic Slack Crusade Jan 30, 1999

Attending: Ginsu, Pastor Craig, Pastor Pressure, Dr. and Mrs. Legume, AKA Whoever He Wants To Be, Slave Jenny, and some woman named Gloria who had absolutely no forewarning of the nature of our little gathering.

The meeting began at 7:00 PM, half an hour later than the 6:30 that Pressure promised Legume he'd leave by if nobody showed up.

The womenfolk discussed handwriting, Catholic School, and bad eyesight.

Legume seized control from the acting secretary (his wife) and began recording these minutes. He then proceeded to bitch about what a pathetic lot MASC is. Craig, Pressure and Ginsu then in turn bitched about MASC.

Craig was right about something. Everyone agrees.

Ginsu reveals that he has every turd he ever shat in a 50-gallon drum at home.

Ginsu makes a point. Craig lauds him.

AKA and Slave Jenny show up at 7:10

Pressure asked, "What are we doing here?"

Legume spent the next two minutes reading these minutes to AKA.

AKA bitches about MASC, followed by more bitching about MASC from Pressure.

Craig told his Spike Jones/Urban Predator story for the second time that evening.

Legume demands the removal of Pastor Pressure from his position as President of MASC, citing incompetence.

AKA offers an idea.

Legume nominates AKA to be the new President of MASC.

AKA refuses.

Legume Declares AKA President, and asks him what he'll do to improve MASC now that he's President. AKA declares that he wants to make MASC a respectable public institution, like the Elks.

Legume suggests we join the Elks.

Craig suffers a bout of species envy.

President AKA agrees to contact Pressure for the email list, while Ginsu sat in the corner and waved.

Pressure talks about why you can't recruit new MASC members in a room filled with Virtual Leg-Humpers.

Ginsu declares that he doesn't like Spike Jones and is glad he's absent from the meeting.

Craig suggested that all MASC members meet on Sunday IRC (the weekly on-line meeting), since it's easier than a formal meeting.

Craig, Pressure, and President AKA talk about computers.

AKA announces he's in need of computer parts.

Legume then got bored and took the pad, went for a piss.

When he returned from his piss, Pressure



was playing with a shoehorn. Craig was telling another story.

Gloria finally made an excuse to leave.

Pastor Pressure made a rude racist remark. He then began to ramble on about some project that was never going to happen, no doubt fueled by his prodigious intake of frof and liquor earlier in the day.

Gloria left at 7:41.

AKA announces that we can't have movie night at his house because his TV blew up. He then announces that he has Neil Young's "Human Highway" on laserdisc, but he doesn't have a laser disc player upon which to play it.

Ginsu sits quietly in the corner boredly drumming his fingers on the arm of his chair. Pastor Pressure suggests a new project for MASC.

Legume hit Pressure and told him to "Shut the fuck up".

Pressure then rambled on drunkenly about how "he doesn't want any of that fucking cheese".

AKA then talked about his Divine Thing.

Legume then coerced Pressure into fetching him a cold beverage. Upon his return Pressure suggested selling shit.

Pressure bitches that he's already sunk \$150 into MASC.

Ginsu began playing sad songs on his guitar.

AKA is tricked by Legume into promising to pay Pressure back the \$150.

AKA then reveals that Jenny is his sex slave, and commands her to somehow force Legume into removing the entry about owing Pressure \$150. Her amateurish attempt of course failed. Legume then denounced Slave Jenny as "a piss-poor excuse for a slave", due to her failure.

AKA declares that he was unsure how anyone would relate to his and Jenny's master-slave relationship.

Legume states "America was built on slavery.



That's why it's the Greatest Country in the World".

For the next several minutes, Legume plays headfuck on AKA's slave, which resulted in her being ordered to climb into Pastor Craig's lap.

Pastor Pressure demonstrates Craig's Vibro action Throat, a vibrating collar covered in wool. Pressure asks Craig, "You didn't put your dick on this, did you?", to which Craig replied, "It's been washed."

AKA then sent his slave out into the cold night to fetch CDs from his car.

Legume, Pressure and Ginsu stepped out for a smoke. While on Craig's porch, Slave Jenny attempted to gain re-entry to the building, but Legume blocks her path for ten minutes and blows smoke in her face as she shivers, pleads and coughs asthmatically.

After Legume returned from his smoke, the meeting continued.

Everyone agrees Saturday nights are the best times for meetings.

Craig nauseates Legume.

Ginsu invites MASC to his home on the first weekend of March, which is bad for Craig, because he'll be in Connecticut.

Ginsu suggests the weekend of March 13th, which is bad for Pastor Pressure, who is triskadecaphobic.

Legume makes a motion to adjourn the meeting.

Everyone agrees.

Meeting adjourned, 9:00pm

-Dr. Legume, acting scribe.

How to Eat Pussy.

Dr. K. "Cortez" Legume

(Please note do not attempt the following with a pussy older than 15 years old or else it will be tougher to eat than an old boot sole)

The best way to eat a young pussy is to whip up two raw eggs, place the pussy into the egg and ensure it is well covered. Then cover each piece well in fine breadcrumbs.

Shallow fry the pussy in oil (should take a total of 15 minutes each side) or until brown. This is truly heaven!

Also for a young pussy, keep the pussy whole, stuff pussy cavity with favorite stuffing. Bake slowly for 45 minutes or until done. Serve with gravy made from juices.

For all pussy, soak pussy in a gallon of water (to which a handful of salt has been added and dissolved) for 24 hours before cooking. This removes blood from the pussy and removes a lot of the gamey taste.

Yes, I know this seems like it's in bad taste, but hard times are near when you start looking at the family cat as a source of food.

Every day there are more people being born into an already overcrowded world. Soon may come the day when you must eat pussy or starve.

It's true! The END IS NEAR! You see it coming, don't you? The ozone is rotting away, sex can kill you, and there's frigging ACID raining from the sky! People all over the world are killing each other in the name of money, fossil fuels, and God.

The Fundamentalist Christians are looking for Satan under every bed, the way McCarthy used to hunt communists back in the 1950s. They censor rock-n-roll lyrics and scream bleeding Jesus, while their leaders pocket the cash. They tell you to live your life like Jesus did, yet they're out on Interstate 80 driving 100 miles per hour with one hand on the wheel and the other on some thirty-dollar whore's tit. The only decent things on TV anymore are cartoons. People live in boxes in the street. You work your butt off for some jerk who treats you like his personal doormat for just enough money to insure you don't die before your next paycheck. Your husband or wife is sucking off the trashman. You're getting fat, your car is made of cheap plastic, you're in debt to people whose houses you'll never see past the front door of, and that hamburger you just ate was made from grease and floor sweepings. Your arteries are clogged from eating whatever the man on the TV in the clownsuit tells you to eat. You have no more free will. Sure, you may think to yourself, "I can do whatever I damn well please".

WELL WAKE UP BRIGHTYES, YOU ARE WRONG!

You get nervous when you see a police car in your rear-view mirror, don't you? Even when you aren't doing anything wrong. Why do you suppose that is? You work a five-day week, but three days worth of

your pay goes to the government. They claim to be our "servants", yet they ride around in limousines and private planes, living luxurious lifestyles far beyond your humble means. Did these "servants" give you your moneys worth this week? Have you ever had faith in the credibility of any elected official? Did he live up to your expectations?

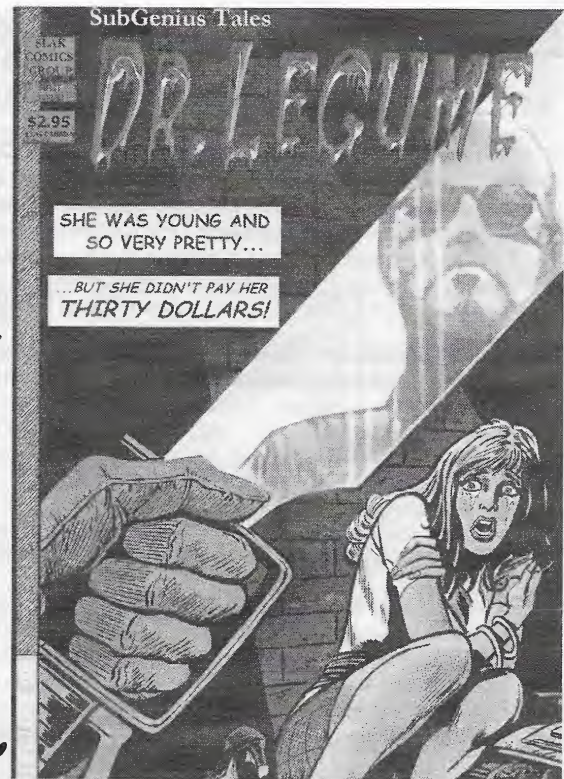
Do you sometimes feel that there is a vast CONSPIRACY of so-called "normal people" that keep things the way they are? Do you feel as if you were always "different" somehow from these sheeplike beings?

If so, then let me be the first to say YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY GODDAMNED RIGHT.

There IS a conspiracy of normalcy, and it's sole purpose is to make you into a faceless gray conformist zombie, Citizen #365848, industrial slave of the New World Order.

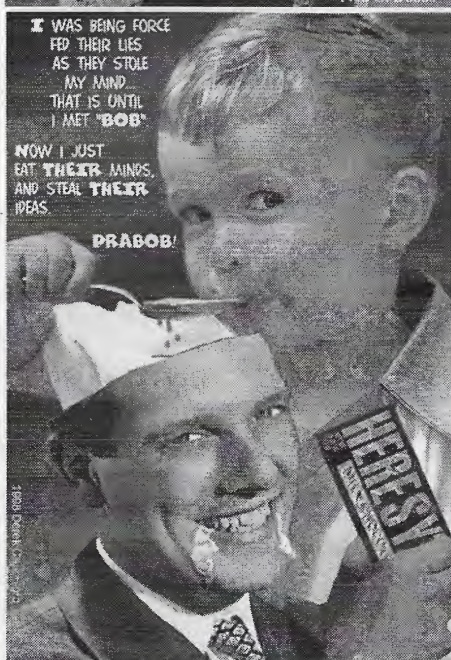
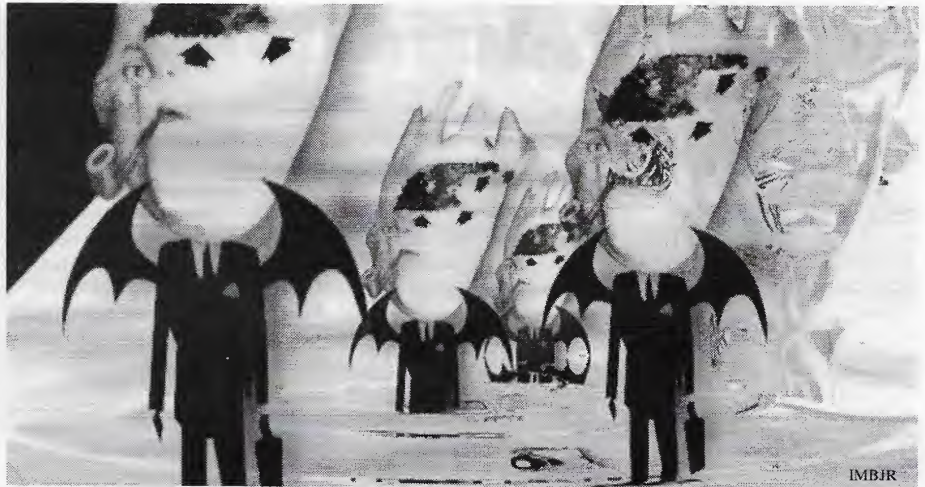
What can YOU do about it? Not a whole hell of a lot, sorry to say. You COULD start throwing bombs, but face it, THEY have MORE bombs than you could ever imagine. You will NOT be able to stop their game. But you DON'T have to PLAY, either.

The Church of the SubGenius is devoted to the idea that it is OK to think for yourself. We are devoted to that most holy of pursuits: the quest for SLACK. We are a brain-trust of creative thinkers and mad visionaries who are SICK of the



"Normals" trying to cram us into their ugly gray mold, and we intend to **TOTALLY CRISPY-FRY** their tiny normal brains with the power of our own **OUTRAGEOUS CREATIVITY**. We at The SubGenius Church are not afraid to poke fun at things both holy and profane, we are here to throw a pie in the face of mankind! We, the strange, the twisted, are climbing aboard the last rollercoaster of free thought

AND WE WANT YOU TO COME
ALONG FOR THE RIDE!
JOIN US!



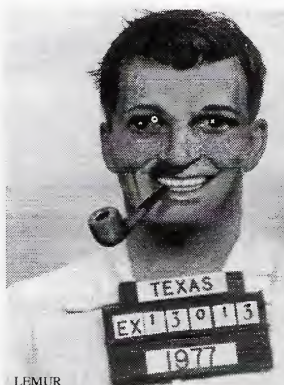
Like many of you, I have been both rightly horrified and deeply awed by the "antics" of Dr. Legume. He is a prime example of the inexplicable attempt on the part of the Cosmos to bridge the gap between survivalists, Yetis, wrestlers, disgruntled & psychotic rooftop sharpshooters, carnivorous televangelists who pork their female followers in the baptismal pool once the lights are turned out, statesmen of real stature who keep the wheels of untoward history from crushing civilization outright and angry butcher shop owners. He is the guy every mother hopes her daughter won't even DATE, much less MARRY. He is the one parents warn their kids about when they want to go trick or treating. He is the man all men fear, yet hope to emulate. He is the one all women lust after, yet fear to mate with because the resulting issue might resemble the father too much. He is the One True Hammer of Dobbs, aside from "Bob's" unspeakable 'member' proper. If you get between him and the TV during dinner, he can pop your head like a packing peanut and has done so on many occasions. When he grinds his teeth, mountains tremble.

I, like many of you, hope never to come across him in a dark alley, one of the many questionable places he is known to hang out, looking for victims, although he prefers to bowl as a rule. He only tolerated the roasting of the mighty pig at X-Day because there were "ladies" present, even if a couple of 'em were GUYS; otherwise, he would have torn the head from the raw beast with his very TEETH, perhaps removing part or ALL of GGGordon's hands with it. He is fear personified, with a hand-tooled leather holster modeled after the one Jesus wore at the Sermon on the Mount. He can light kitchen matches just by LOOKING at them. He once made Godzilla SHIT himself and jump back into the bay. He is power incarnate and will MAKE you hold the chicken between your KNEES if you cross him. He is testosterone on the hoof, the 5th Horseman of the Apocalypse and uses a machete to pick the remnants of Bobbies out of his dental work.

The problem is, I'm afraid I might be RELATED to him! At one time, I thought he needed to be KILLED for the good of the planet, but just look at the X-Day pictures and draw your own conclusions! Yes, Dr. Legume and I might be long-lost half brothers! I say "half," because he would no doubt hold in deepest contempt my sympathy with the Ivangelicals, yet he would also nod in satisfaction if he were to view a video of the numerous times I have Holocaustically ripped the arms off the annoying and the infirm and shoved 'em up their ASSES until they could wave bye-bye at their Mommies from their MOUTHS. SCREW tearing PHONE BOOKS in half! I've ripped actual PHONES in two when roused to anger, which is only a block away in MY mental neighborhood! I chew on BALL BEARINGS and once spit one through a WINDSHIELD from 665 feet!

Therefore, what I wanna know is: did LEGUME'S mammy have a threesome with Elvis and a Yeti around July, 1954 as MINE did? If so, its high time we got together and did some gene-pool thinnin'! While I'm admittedly a little wary about TRIGGERING plastiques, I'd have no trouble carrying a whole PILE of 'em to any location he thought called for 'em. Why, we could collect fees from Dobbs AND Satan for the SAME MISSION! We'd make a really daunting team as long as we showered often enough. If things work out just right and my theory is correct, we can arrange to stop any possible X/Y/Z-ist invasions through judicious aiming of our FARTS! All you have to do is supply the beer, frappy, chili, egg salad and \$20,000 in unmarked bills-EACH! GET ON THE STICK, DAMNIT! The planet NEEDS us!

- HellPope Huey, FroPucker and Eater of Hearts



OTHER MUTANTS

Greetings fellow freaks. Yes we've managed to keep this thing updated. Special thanks to Rev. Nickie DeathChick for updating and formatting (as always). You'll find most addresses are current! This is of course the extensive guide to your Brother and Sister SubGenii, as well as other freaks, visionaries, cults, and kooks. This time we focused on Other SubGenius Products, Individual Mutants, Clenches, Other Mutants Tapes & Music, and SubG Websites. Don't forget to tell us of dead addresses and if you too are a Mutant worthy of recognition!

Some loose guidelines of how to be included in this most sacred of lists:

Be a renegade SubGenius or disorganized Clench distributing your own SubGenius propaganda, tapes, pamphlets, 'zines, holy relics, stickers, used napkins, etc., be a SubGenius or other Patriopsychoic Anarchomaterialist selling Church sanctioned merchandise, be a Subsymp (SubGenius sympathizer), and regularly advertising for the Church, or otherwise advancing "Bob's" directives. In other words "Ask not what "Bob" can do for you, ask what you can do for "Bob"" -Prescriptures 8:4. So, if you feel you are worthy of "Bob's" notice send us your info, with an example of your

propaganda to: Other Mutants c/o The SubGenius Foundation 140306 Dallas, TX 75124. - Jesus — There can Be Only One.

DISCLAIMER- The SubGenius Foundation Inc., it's officers, and share holders are in no way responsible for any result of attempting to contact the below organizations or individuals. We do not guarantee their services or necessarily support their views or opinions. If you are ripped off, it's your tough luck, but let us know and we will take it to grand high council, whereupon a decision will be handed down from Church Hierarchy and if deemed necessary the offending address will be removed from all records.

STANGS MINI BOOK REVIEW

Apocalypse Pretty Soon

by Alex Heard

Published by W.W. Norton, 1-800-233-4830

<http://www.apocalypseprettysoon.com>

This is a marvelous website upkept by Alex Heard to excerpt, promote and update his new book, APOCALYPSE PRETTYSOON. I haven't read the book, but the blips and bits in the site are funny, informative, but not nearly as unkind as I was in HIGH WEIRDNESS BY MAIL.

Heard documents and celebrates everybody he can find who is preparing for THE END OF THE WORLD. I guess we should be honored that he left our religion OUT, because most of these people are CRAZY AS A TREED COON AT MIDNIGHT. He covers: Christian Doomsday, UFO believers, "Earth Changes", Angry Right Wingers, Free Energy, Christ Figures, Immortality, New Utopias, Killer Asteroids and, of course, Y2K.

The site has a nifty little map of the U.S. charting which of our rival crackpotists and kookists are where, with links to peppy (and extremely FAIR) capsule descriptions of that group's beliefs and practices. Heard also offers links to his favorite believer websites.

Again, don't expect the mean sarcasm of my old crackpotology book. Heard (an editor at Wired) is charitable to a fault... but then, most of his subjects are so nutty that he really only has to let them speak for themselves.

Also at the website is a nice reading list of top millennialist books.

I found this project especially interesting, because, to tell the truth, I've been so busy with our own weird mind control cult that I haven't been keeping up with all the new ones. (I haven't ever even listened to Art Bell, that's how out of it I am!) If the book is anything like the website, it should be an excellent catcher-upper for we distracted erstwhile kookologists.

SUBGENIUS PRODUCTS, INDIVIDUAL MUTANTS, CLENCHES

Boiler Room - PO Box 911, Nelson, BC V1L 6A5
- boilerroom@netidea.com - Finally, mutants are taking over Canada! Write for a free catalogue. Books, Videos, T-Shirts, Magazines.

Clench 2152: theanticonspiracyconspiracy - Rev. Father Lido - 510 Concord Drive, Menlo Park, CA 94025 - Publisher of Epistle zine. Large fancy black-n-white SubGenius zine, worth it. \$3.

DOBBSTATTOOS - PAT FISH - Box 777, Santa Barbara, CA 93102 - SubG Tattoo Artist.

Electrolights - div of Koppout Indust - Vincent Rideout - 6246 N Wayne #3, Chicago, IL 60660-1918 - Turns old appliances (toasters, vacuums, etc.) into new lamps. Because appliances have more than one life.

Ephemera Buttons - 275 Capp St., San Francisco, CA 94110 - Lucky Dobbs Button, many other sick/funny buttons, magnets, etc.

Essential Media - Rev Kevin Segall - PO Box 661245, LA, CA 90066 - www.essentialmedia.com - Unique mail-order company specializing in postmodern, alternative and fringe culture. (Including SubGenius products) - Send \$2 for Catalog which now has many cool articles.

Erisian Grwfron - Rev. Azrzepia Hellspawn - PO Box 103, Quinton NJ 08072 -Discordian Chaplain and PsyberMorphs, Kaos Magik , seek SubGenii/Chaosists for correspondence/idea exchange.

Haus of Slack - Vancouver, BC CANADA- (604)517-1246

House of Slack - Calgary, Alberta CANADA - (403)276-4193

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Hedge, T. K. #221401 - RevEd. Zen Living-Ground - Box 100-oci, Somers, CT 06071 - Prolific madman/genius. Send him a letter and expect to be bombarded with pages upon pages of truly bizarre ranting and art. Address may change as he is frequently shipped to different institutions. No one can hold him!!!!

Joko the Clown - Rev. Elyja Rayler XXIII - PO Box 15445, Rio Rancho, NM 87174-5445 -Evil Clown propaganda.

KOLINAR - PO Box 937, Boca Raton, FL 33429. The Rock 'n' Roll state of mind. Enlightenment for party animals.

Looney Liberation Army - Rev. John Campbell - Corvallis Clench/Punk Gang - 131 NW 4th St. Suite #204, Corvallis, OR 97330 - Publishes LLA NewsLetter - Seems mostly dedicated to fellow mutants imprisoned and brainwashed by the con. johnc@pioneer.net

Luciferian Liberation Front - Peoples Temple, Free Urantia - PO Box 17050, Fayetteville, NC 28314 - One of the greatest and most mysterious Clenches. They have a newsletter, pamphlets, and excellent propaganda. Only problem is we can't find them! If you contact them let me know.

Lymph Node Institute - PO Box 670541, Marietta, GA 30066-0126 - CDs of "Bob's" Slacktime Funhouse as well as other rants. Publishes Nodeworthy zine and has t-shirts. Too many cool projects to mention. Builders of The Golden Shrine of the Ass of Sister Nickie DeathChick: <http://www.lymphnodeinstitute.com/lymphnode/bob/shrine.html>. Smart boys.

sLACK sTATION ZEBRA - Rev. Cmdr.Tom- PO Box 20004, Bow Valley Postal Outlet, Calgary, AB T1H 3K6 CANADA

LAMPREY SYSTEMS "Software That Sucks!" - Saint Robert Carr - P.O. Box 2761 Borah Station, Boise, ID 83701- sick, blasphemous Macintosh computer games.

Ministry of Found Objects - Dr. Haba Kildare - 6 Stayman Lane, Sewell, NJ 08080 - kildare@jersey.net - artists, collectors, do-it-yourselfers, hobos, hunter-gatherers, performers, writers, worshippers of clip art, and etc.

M.O.M. (MOFO Outreach Ministry) - PO Box 21104, Seattle, WA 98111-3104 .

Montgomery, Rev. Paul - 7706 Independence, Merrillville, IN 46410 - All around good SubGenius - Write him if you're weird.

Mutants Against Majority Organization- Rev Booga- Box 140 UMASS, 416 Student Union, Amherst, MA 01002 -

Campus SubG organization. Send SASE and ask for newsletter or info on starting your own college organization for mutants. www.umass.edu/rso/mamo

Nesko, Rev. Louis - Church of the Lost - 3611 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134 - "Write me if you're weird or if you are a big teated woman."

Pawson, Mark - PO Box 664, LONDON E5 OJW, U.K. - Buttons, London SubG Merch Dealer -- many original buttons.

Monroe, Rev. Elvis Polyester - The Rolling Donut Clench - 267 South Yale Ave., Columbus, OH 43223-1343 - Trash Newsletter. Send .50 and long SASE. Accepting Video/ Vinyl/Tape for review.

OTHER MUTANTS TAPES, MUSIC

A.C.E. TAPE CATALOG - 1643 Lee Rd. #9, Cleveland Hts., OH 44118 - 216-932-5421 - lectures by Leary, R.A. Wilson, etc., even Stang.

HUGE VODOO/Myster Bruce - PO Box 425, Madison, NJ 07940-0425. dkstudio@home.com. As Featured on the Hour of Slack, NYC '96 Devial, Arise! and more. "Autodope" pioneer Myster Bruce offers slammin' new tapes from Huge Voodoo and Other amazing projects. Save your soul!! Send \$10 for latest tape, \$10 for Huge Voodoo/D.K. Jones compilation. \$18 for both

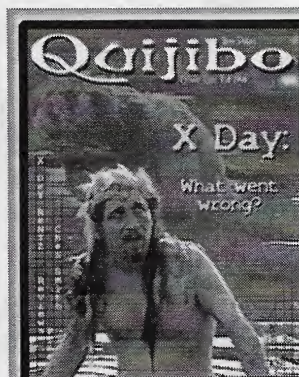
NEGATIVLAND-Negativmailorderland - 109 Minna #391, San Francisco, CA 94105 - weirdest of the weirdo bands.

R MOON & the NEW IMPROVED NIGHT NURSES, Holy Funk - Box 2329, San Anselmo, CA 94979 - angry hate rock.

SUBGENIUS WEBSITES

<http://www.subgenius.com/bigfist/websites.html> - for all Mutant Website links.

**Papa Joe Mama's
Holocaustal Hate Rants,
\$3 (plus .99c postage) per tape!
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Mystery Playhouse, 3202 Enterprise Drive,
Tallahassee FL 32312. <http://members.aol.com/papajoemom> OR
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3. CUT OFF LIMBS
4. OUT OF CONTROL GAMBLING ADDICTION
5. ACT CRAZY (SQUAWKING LIKE A CHICKEN OR SOMETHING)
6. ANNOY OFFICERS TO THE POINT OF STALKING UNTIL THEY KICK HIM OUT
7. FEIGN SCHIZOPHRENIA: CLAIM TO *ACTUALLY BE* KLINGER FROM THE SHOW MASH, INSIST ON CALLING COLLEAGUES "HAWKEYE" AND "HOTLIPS"
8. SHOOT HIS WAY OUT
9. ESCAPE TO CANADA, BECOME DOCTOR FOR SMALL ARCTIC TRIBE
10. PUBLISH SUBVERSIVE LISTS IN WEIRD CULT PUBLICATIONS

Editors note: Within weeks of paying for the above ad, Dr. Tillis received notice that he was to report for "boarding". This is a process by which a person is thrown out of the service by a medical board for being too unfit to serve. Miraculously, Dobbs must have granted Tillis the Slack he wished for by shifting the Luck Plane in his direction and giving him some INCURABLE CHRONIC DISEASE! Praise "Bob"! "Bob" really gives to those who give! Place your ad today. Bigger ad=Bigger Slack call 1-888-669-2323

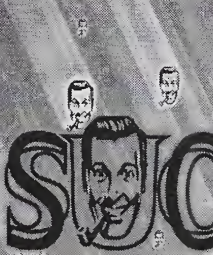
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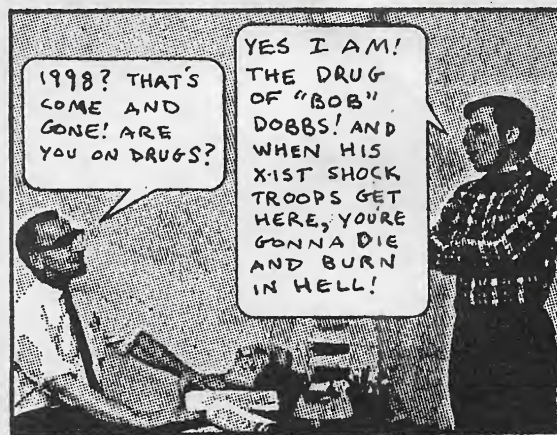
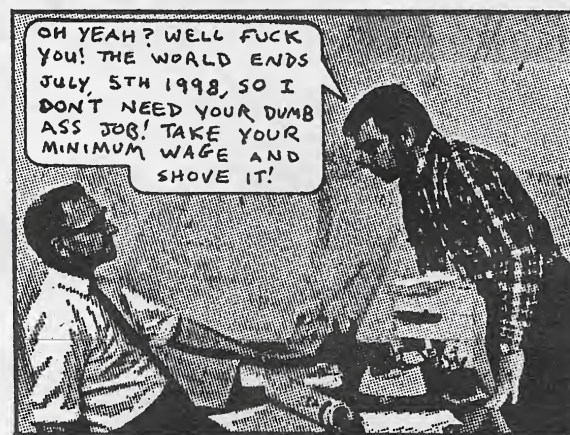
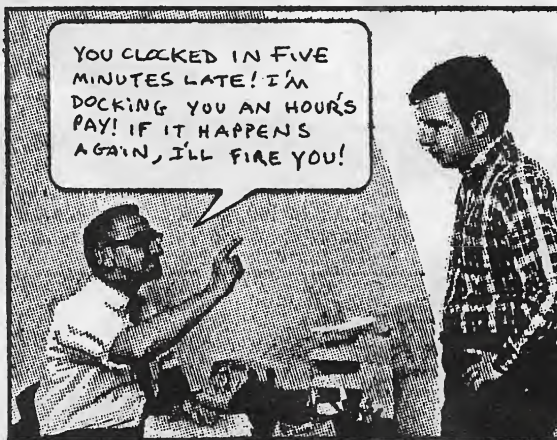
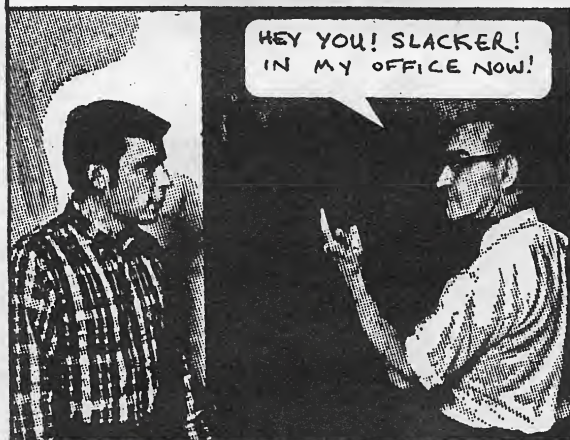
R.I.P. HAIL ERIS!

By Rev. Ivan Stang - Kerry Thornley dead

DAMN!! I guess it's true. At first I thought, "Yeah, sure... Thornley's just "pulling a Legume"... typical Discordian..." but... no. Every time a SubGenius dies I feel this EXTRA regret, on account of I never was able to publish most of the cool stuff that SubGenius contributed. This is especially true of Rev. Kerry Thornley, who wrote -- HAND wrote -- TONS of divinely inspired, or not, Dobbsiastic or otherwise Dobbs-provoked rants, prophecy and poetry. The usual Thornley piece that was in almost every one of our books or 'zines was a teeny tiny drop in the bucket. Thornley manuscripts permeate the SubGenius vaults. I only got to meet Rev. Thornley once, and he seemed very nervous. It takes one to know one, and I know

Thornley was a bundle of nerves, all right. It was in Atlanta, at a con. He was very friendly, and I tried to be very friendly, but we never exactly "connected." I got the impression that he was a very vulnerable person, standing back, trying not to get hurt. Dont blame him. If I'd've been Manchurian Candidated, I'd probably be a mite jittery too. Subsequently, a couple of other times when I was in Atlanta doing SubGenius shows, younger friends of his delivered his howdies and apologies for not being able to make it. In one case, it was because he couldn't get off work from his job as a dishwasher in a

The day Bill told off his boss



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restaurant. BUMMER. BUMMER!!

Kerry once sent us a photo of himself, nude, fucking a chair. Seriously. I published it -- in an old Stark Fist, albeit with the dick blacked out (with a BIG black bar!). Like "Bob," Kerry had love in his heart for all things, even chairs. The SubGenius Tarot Set is Kerry's main uncompleted SubG project. He got about 6 cards into it over the years. Maybe someday another great Discordian can complete it. Eris must have set up the scheduling this week. Tomorrow I drive to Austin to "open" for the Fringeware event with Pope Robert Anton Wilson, who popularized Discordianism and who is the main reason many of us know Kerry. I'll do some kind of eulogy. Also in Austin is Steve Jackson of Steve Jackson Games, whose company is perhaps the closest thing to a Discordian "HQ" (contradiction in terms, of course)... If only Greg Hill, Bill Barker, and the ghosts of Thornley and Jimi Hendrix, were there, it'd be a perfect signal to the Greys to cue UPLIFT SEQUENCE 23. It's the Conjunction of the Whatever. We'll all INFLATE! Well, actually, we all end up on our heads, one way or another... and we'll all see Kerry on the other side. If "Bob" or Eris or Connie or somebody remembers to flip the tape to Side Two!



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